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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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We give our readers an extract from a letter of Thomas Morris, addressed to a gentleman in Ohio. Mr. Morris is a thorough Abolitionist and our readers will see that he regards both the Presidential candidates, as on a dead level in regard to slavery. As some part of the letter relates to Mr. Morris' political views, we have omitted that part of it.

In their objections to Gen. Harrison as a candidate for the Presidency, they say "he is the candidate of all the discordant portions opposed to the present administration."—After enumerating several, they denounce the Abolitionists as "more odious than any one which has heretofore appeared in this country." Amongst other charges made against them, which common sense would teach should rest in proof, not assertion, it is stated that, "they desire to fill Ohio and the other free states with an ignorant, degraded race of men, to the exclusion of our own people, and to confer upon them the same rights, civil, political and social as are enjoyed by ourselves." Is this broad assertion true? I am altogether ignorant of any proof or fact to sustain any part of it "*An ignorant, degraded race of men!*" Who commissioned the Convention to pass this judgment on any part of the works of creation, which the Creator himself, when he saw every thing that was made, pronounced "very good?" Is it not presumptuous to assert this of man, who was the perfection of creation, being made in the image of the Creator himself? But if the African is in truth a degraded and ignorant being, who made him so? Not his Creator, for he "made of one blood all nations of men;" and if history be true, all other people are indebted to the country of the now despised African, for their arts and sciences. If the African is then in fact ignorant and degraded, it is we, his oppressors, who have made him so; and it adds but little to our dignity and to our honor, to hurl back into his face as a reproach, the calamity we have brought upon him. The truth is, our sensibilities are not yet quite dead. That living monitor, conscience, sometimes reproaches us with the wrongs we have inflicted and are daily inflicting upon the African race; and we bluster over the fallen negro, call him "ignorant and degraded," in order to justify ourselves to ourselves, and to the rest of the world for his oppression. But we have constant and daily testimony, that this plea of the slaveholder, adopted by the Convention, is not at least always true, but that under the heavy load of oppression which we heap upon the African, he is constantly improving his condition.

I was present when this address was read before several gentlemen in this city, and when that part which I have quoted was read, a respectable and intelligent gentleman who was present, and has been for more than 20 years an inhabitant of this city, said, "stop—that part is not true—at least it is not so now." He said that he had taken the pains to visit the meetings of the colored people of the city—that during the last 4 years they had rapidly advanced upon the white race in intelligence, industry, and in acquiring property, also in the neatness and comfort of their homes—he denied that they were guilty of more crimes or countenanced or screened [illegible] of their own color, more than whites. He spoke of a young mulatto woman whom he had seen among them, who was both intelligent and accomplished—and that they endeavored to school their children, that they were attentive and orderly in their religious exercises. He expressed to them his surprise that they should have improved their condition so rapidly in the last four years. Their answer was, that they had been advised to that course by Abolitionists as the only means of making themselves respectable—that they had found its advantages and were determined to persevere.

I heard this relation with some surprise, but much pleasure. I remarked to the gentleman, you have related facts worthy of publication to the world—you have mentioned a young colored female as intelligent and accomplished: do you know, sir, that by our laws, we in Ohio, who boast of our love of justice and equal rights, have denied to that woman any protection for her virtue—that she could be violated by one or more white villains in presence of her mother, brothers and sisters, if colored, with perfect impunity, our courts being unable to afford the least redress, *for the want of white proof*, though well convinced of the commission of the outrage! His answer was short, but full of meaning. "I am not an Abolitionist, but think I shall be so shortly." So much for the opinion of the Convention, that the negroes are an ignorant and degraded race. The residue of this broad charge against Abolitionists, I repudiate, as no proof is pretended, nor have I ever heard an Abolitionist express the opinions, or any thing like them, which are here imputed to them as a body. I hope, however, that these assertions will meet with notice from the proper quarter.

It may be true that the Abolitionists were gratified with the selection of General Harrison as a candidate for the Presidency; if so, it was because Mr. Clay was rejected, not that the lot fell on General Harrison. I am well satisfied that neither of those gentlemen ought to be supported by Abolitionists. Mr. Clay's famous speech in Congress on the slave question, has left them without hope as to him. General Harrison, I am well convinced, is in feeling and principle, a more devoted pro-slavery man, than Mr. Van Buren, who, I believe, in feeling is anti-slavery. I venture these opinions now, without giving any reasons for them, which I may however do at some future day.

President Van Buren's notice of the slave trade gives hopes that, that most inhuman and execrable traffic, so far as it respects the United States in its foreign aspect, will be soon brought to an end; indeed, the honor of our country seems to be deeply involved in this matter. The substance of the President's remarks on this subject, to my mind amounts to this, that every unprincipled villain engaged in stealing negroes from Africa, is endeavoring to cover his nefarious practices with the American flag. Such is the effect of the slave system in our country, and such the result of that system upon the minds of men. Nothing will put a full stop to this accursed trade, but a total abolition of slavery. I pray that the opinion of the President may be made manifest, that the effectual suppression of the slave trade is no where more sincerely desired than in the United States. I hope that this may prove true both as it regards the domestic as well as the foreign slave trade. The Convention entirely forgot or overlooked this part of Mr. Van Buren's official conduct, in their recommendation for his re-election. The Convention, as if zealously ardent to support the sinking cause of slavery, or for the purpose of individual or political effect, were not content with their broad denunciations of Abolitionists in their proceedings as contained in the preamble, but they solemnly resolved, "That slavery being a domestic institution, recognized by the Constitution of the United States, we as citizens of a free state, have no right to interfere with it." What! the citizens of a free state no right to interfere with that which is recognized by the Constitution of the United States! I had heretofore been taught to believe, that our Government was a government of the people, and that every part and parcel of the government was subject to the examination or interference of the people, or any portion of them; and that the freedom of speech and the press was absolutely preserved to the people themselves, for this great and valuable purpose. But it seems that the holders of slaves and the lovers of slavery are about teaching us a new doctrine. I deny, however, that the Constitution of the United States recognizes slavery in any of its provisions; and to my mind it is perfectly clear that the provision in the Constitution of the United States fixing the basis for representation and direct taxes, which places a colored person, if he is free, upon the same equal ground with a white one, and excluding Indians not taxed, and includes three-fifths of all other persons, evidently meaning slaves, was intended and designed to give a standing to the colored race which should eventually abolish slavery in this country. For who could have supposed that the love of justice and pride of the American people would have permitted a representation in Congress based upon *property*, and not upon *free persons*; and although our own state constitution fixes the basis of representation on white male inhabitants above the age of twenty-one years, the Constitution of the United States makes *free persons*, *without regard to color*, or age, or sex, such basis. The fact is, there is neither constitution, argument, common sense, justice, nor "rhyme nor reason," to uphold slavery. The whole system is founded in brute force alone, and upheld for avaricious purposes.

The Convention also resolved, "That in the opinion of this Convention, Congress ought not without the consent of the states of Virginia and Maryland, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia." I understand this resolution to be the denial of power in Congress;—not that the exercise of such power would be bad policy;—without the consent contemplated. Congress have exclusive legislation over the District, and the grants by both the above states to the United States of that part of the territory within their respective jurisdictions, are as broad and as full as the power given by the Constitution of the United States to Congress over such territory, as might be granted for a seat of government. And if Congress have not the power to abolish slavery in the District by virtue of the Constitution of the United States, it is a new and strange doctrine, and as dangerous as it is new, that they can do so by the assent of the states mentioned. But the fallacy and absurdity of the position assumed by the Convention are more striking in another point of view. They declare the assent of the people of the District and of the states of Virginia and Maryland to be necessary to enable Congress to act in the premises. Suppose Maryland should abolish slavery within her borders; Congress, according to the reasoning of the Convention, could not do so in that part of the District in which the city of Washington is, without the consent of the other parties to the compact. This part of the resolve hardly needs a serious reply. It is a reiteration of the assumptions of the slave power in Congress, assumptions which that power has never ventured to have tested by a direct vote in either House, well knowing that every man of common honesty and common sense, would decide in favor of the power of Congress without such consent.

The Convention again resolve, "That political abolitionism is but ancient federalism under a new guise, and that the political action of abolition societies is only a device for the overthrow of democracy." If the position assumed in this resolution be true, then the reverse is also true; or at least it is a fair and legitimate inference, that anti-abolitionism is but ancient democracy in a new *guise*, and that the political action of anti-abolition meetings, whether called State conventions or any other name, is only a device for the perpetuation and spread of slavery throughout our whole country or throughout the world. This surely is a new guise of ancient democracy. Let it be constantly borne in in mind, that the Convention in the address states, when speaking of the Abolitionists, their object is, "the general and immediate abolition of slavery throughout the world." It is therefore but a just and logical inference, that those who judge them for this cause, are in favor of "a total, general, and immediate" riveting, anew the chains of slavery, and for its perpetuation and continuance and spread "throughout the world." These resolves and sentiments of a democratic Convention in Ohio will, I am sure, be read with surprise and astonishment by every reflecting man in the country. That they were uncalled for no one will, I think deny; and whether designed for political effect *only* or containing the real sentiments of a majority of that Convention, time alone will determine; here they are deemed so "poor, that none will do them service." It is not surprising, however, that those who would aim to cover over and perpetuate moneyed monopolies under the cry of reform would also be willing to cover over and perpetuate a trade and monopoly in human flesh, as a "*peculiar* institution," under the same cry. We have often heard, "I am opposed to slavery in the abstract as much as any man." My answer is, you may also be opposed to larceny or any other crime in the *abstract*, but be much delighted with its actual practice as a "peculiar institution;" because, like slavery, it enables one man to live upon the labor of another.

You will remember that I did not take a seat in the Convention the first day of its sitting. This was owing to a difference of opinion amongst the delegates from our county, as to certain instructions given us by the body which appointed us. In the evening I was informed by a gentleman of high respectability, that anti-abolition resolutions would on the next day be introduced into the Convention, as a blow, in part at least, aimed directly at myself, because I did not concur in opinion, that Governor Shannon, with his bank sentiments, was the proper person as Governor for the democratic party. On receiving this information, I determined at once to go into the Convention the next day.—When the preamble and resolutions were reported by the Committee, a strong effort was made to take the vote on them as a whole, but the good sense of the Convention prevailed, and this "fanatical" project was overruled. When those relating to the question of slavery and abolition were read for adoption, and you rose to make your objections to them, the scene can be better imagined than described.—Having placed myself in a situation to see as well as hear what took place, I thought that the confusion of tongues at Babel must have been order, to what took place a minute or two. Some called for the previous question, others shouted aloud, "No abolition speeches here!" Others at the top of their voices hallooed, "Down with him! down with him! hustle him out! hustle him out!" and others exclaimed, "Go on! go on! no gag-laws here!" The proud demon of slavery seemed to flap his wings in triumph, to "rule on the [illegible]" and the [illegible] dent repeatedly called to order. At last order was restored, and you were permitted to proceed. "Ah!" thought I, "here are the foot-prints of the power of slavery, with which we are so often told we have no concern; not only its foot-prints but its actual presence." I was, however, gratified to see the more aged, and if appearance could justify the conclusion, the more respectable members of the Convention gather around you, and cheer you on. After you had concluded, I caught the eye of the President, and was declared entitled to the floor. Much the same scene followed as you had passed through. I stood with folded arms, determined not to proceed until order was restored. I heard one say, "Morris has committed political suicide." "My good friend," thought I, "you had better take care that the democratic party are not murdered outright by those who pretend to be its friends. My fall is of little consequence, when the great cause of truth and justice is likely to fall under the same power."

My only object was, to disabuse the Constitution from the foul stain of slavery, which the Convention was about to fix on it. I was, however, repeatedly called to order.—The Chair decided I was in order. A motion for a recess, for which I gave way, was carried. On meeting in the afternoon, I had no desire to delay, or in any manner procrastinate the business of the Convention, and concluded with a very few additional remarks. A reply was attempted by one or two gentlemen. One contended that the South would be very angry with us, and would "dissolve the Union," if we did not cease our opposition to slavery.—Another told us a dry and uninteresting story about his voting for me on a former occasion, as he then believed I was a democrat of the first water; but he now thought that all Abolitionists ought to be lopped off the democratic party. I did not recognize the gentleman, but was told it was Mr. Sawyer, of Montgomery. I intend to visit his own county, and hope to meet him in the midst of his friends and debate with him in this matter further. Information is what I seek, not victory; because I am sure that where truth is, there will ultimately be victory. After Mr. Sawyer had concluded, although another gentleman was on the floor, claiming to be heard, there were loud calls for the previous question—the vote was taken, and the president decided it was sustained. Thus all further debate or reply was cut off. Any person who had seen the proceedings of the slave party in Congress, in their endeavors to put down debate and inquiry on the slave question, could have easily discovered that the anti-abolition, or more properly the slave party in the Convention were endeavoring to ape their Southern friends to the best of their skill and abilities.

Much matter for serious and solemn reflection has been made by the Convention. Are the real and truly democratic party, the industrious and honest people of the United States, in favor of the continuance and extension of American slavery? I cannot believe it. That the demagogue and unprincipled aspirant to office are, I have little doubt. Every day's observation and experience convinces me of the truth of a remark I made on a former occasion, that the bank power and the slave power are endeavoring to unite their forces to rule this country: we ought to watch with untiring vigilance their unholy crusade against our liberties. For myself, I have but little concern what party lops me off, or what party splices me on, I will never make shipwreck of principle and truth to gain the favor of any party, or any man. I have no principles on the subject of slavery that I have adopted since Mr. Sawyer, as he said, voted for me as a democrat of the first water. He could have known my opinions on this subject then, by a reference to the records of the legislature. But one thing I think I may assert with truth: it is not many years since, if any man had been known as the open and avowed apologist or advocate of the slave system in the United States, as many men professing to be democrats now are, he would not only have been deemed politically, but morally degenerate. I have no wish at this time of day to undertake to define my position. If, after thirty years' service in the legislative bodies, the people of Ohio cannot judge correctly of my political caste, I am quite sure nothing I could say would convince them. I however deeply regret and deplore, that, even in appearance, the democracy of Ohio should stand in juxtaposition with Southern slavery—that a matrimonial alliance is about to be formed, if not between a white and black person, yet between a white and black principle. The unnatural connection, I am sure, will not last long. Like Chancellor Harper's description of another connection, so soon as the passions are gratified, the parties will separate in coldness if not in disgust. Every wave and wind tells the world, that the long lost natural rights of man shall be restored to all. The angel of mercy is visiting our world, and the time is at hand, when

"Man shall man no longer crush."

The friends of liberty have no cause for despair, but much for encouragement. When names, sects, and parties fall, their principles will survive and flourish.

Accept, Sir, the assurance of my highest respect,

THOMAS MORRIS.

G. W. Eells, Esq.

P. S. I have written you from memory. If, in any particular I have been mistaken in detailing facts or circumstances, you will set the matter right. We may expect much personal invective. Misrepresented and unjustly charged, because we desire and labor for equal rights, it no doubt will be said that we are striving to bring into existence a new party, to the injury of the democratic party; but "none of these things move me." I endeavored to sustain democratic principles before the beards were grown of many who will make such charges, indeed, while they were yet in their mothers' arms. I have only to say, that, "after the way which they call heresy," do I believe in the work done by our Fathers, "believing all things" which they have written in the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States.—*Philanthropist.*

T. M.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Mr. Editor—Having taken considerable interest in the formation of the Connecticut Anti-Slavery Society, and been connected with it from its origin, and not being present at its late anniversary, I feel constrained, inasmuch as the society has seen fit to continue my name among its list of officers, to make a few remarks on some of the measures adopted at that meeting, and to express my dissent therefrom. I allude particularly to the act of society in excluding females from participation in its deliberations, and other acts naturally resulting from the adoption of this.—They appear to me not only to have changed the character and perverted the principles of the society; but to have been marked by a degree of arrogance utterly inconsistent with the humility accompanying that spirit which is destined, by abolishing every species of oppression, to renovate the world; or that serene dignity which is based on purity of purpose. That proceedings tending to deprive one-half of our race of their natural rights and equal privileges;—of freedom of speech and freedom of conscience, are calculated to produce the enfranchisement of the whole, is an induction at war with reason. But that such a system of restriction as that commenced at the anniversary meeting, will require but a farther extension to produce slavery itself, must be apparent to every unbiassed intellect. For if we may lay an injunction on the exercise of one of the natural rights of any portion of the human family, who will say that we may not upon another?—upon all?—and what is slavery but a restriction upon the exercise of all rights? Again, if bodily conformation be established as a criterion of rights, where are the barriers to its extension to stature, to color, and to all the peculiarities which distinguish individuals or nations? The principle appears to me to embody slavery in its very essence.

And since it has been almost exclusively through the agency of MEN that slavery has its existence, shall MEN, presumptuous MEN, still presuming, dare to dictate to the Almighty the instrumentality of its removal? What short of the most monstrous impiety could "smite upon the mouth," a woman attempting in the discharge of her duty to God and man, to assist in the overthrow of this iniquity! That God will permit those who in their associated and individual capacities originated and perpetuated this sin, to assist in its extinction, is to my mind an indication of His long-suffering, loving-kindness and condescension, but poorly reflected in the conduct of those who spurn from co-operation that portion of our race whose hands are least contaminated with this blood-guiltiness.

In palliation of such a course, I can imagine nothing but a desire to remove *alone* from the earth a curse which *alone* they brought upon it. But even were this view of the case established, in fact, it would argue but a puerile vanity and narrow-minded selfishness inconsistent with manly sincerity or enlarged philanthropy. With the usages of society, as a rule of conduct, we have nothing to do. Truth should be our helmet and righteousness our shield. And should as great an outcry be raised as that which proceeded from the temple of Diana when Paul outraged the usages of the Ephesians by preaching the gospel to the people, so far from being deterred from the maintenance of the right, we should regard such bellowings as evidence that the sword of truth [illegible] the vitals of that pride and prejudice which, aided by power, gives existence to every form of oppression.

As a farther illustration of the spirit which actuated the majority of that meeting, and changed the character of the society to that of an "anti-woman's rights society," I cannot avoid a reference to the declaration of the clergyman who vacated the chair, because woman raised her voice; when he made the avowal that formerly he had refused to invite slaveholding clergymen into his pulpit, but that now he was sorry for it, and that when an opportunity should occur he should make amends by adopting a different course.

Now that apostacies should occur in our cause is a matter not unparalleled or unexpected, but that the sanction of the society should be given to such sentiments by electing a person openly professing them to the vice-presidency of the society constitutes one of the most gloomy features in the whole transaction; and must be proof positive to all but the wilfully blind of the identity of the spirit of slavery, and the spirit which has restricted woman in the exercise of rights common to all mankind;—the liberty of conscience, and freedom of speech. Such dementation surely betokens destruction; yet, notwithstanding this bold onset of the enemy, and this disgraceful yielding to his demands, I am not without hope that the true friends will yet rally, meet the crisis, and reinstate the society in its original purity.

WILLIAM BOLLES.

New London, Conn., July, 1840.

State of Alabama, Butler Co., Aug. 8th, 1840.

The Baptist Church, at Breastwork, to the Anti-Slavery Society at New-York:

Gentlemen—We have received your reflector with all its pretended zeal—we have taken a general review of its contents, and in answer to the same we feel bound to say, too, you have become a busy set with your convention in other men's matters. We are here, like Abraham was, when the Lord called him to the land of Canaan. The scripture says, the Lord abundantly blessed him, (Abraham,) and with his money he bought men-servants and maid-servants. Mind, now, Abraham was blessed of the Lord with his men-servants and maid-servants, as we are, who, in like manner, with our money have bought men-servants and maid-servants; and we are sure that the Lord hath abundantly blessed us with our servants, and that abundantly with the good things of time; and above all, masters and servants are abundantly blessed together with the blessings of salvation. And now we say to you, that we are bound to inform you, that we respect you with your reflector, as was the vagabond Jews that are spoken of in the 19th chapter of Acts. Read for yourselves and understand what we think of your reflector. Our conclusive remarks to you on the subject of Slavery is, we are justifiable by the laws of God and the Constitution of the United States; therefore attend to your own business and trouble us no more with your seditious reflector. As respects your declaration upon the subject of fellowship, we are happy to say long ago, we have made an avowed declaration of a non-communion fellowship with you and all your societies, together with all your co-adjutors in these United States, fearless of consequences; done and approved in conference, the day and date above.

Benjamin T. Watts, Clerk.

From the Zion's Watchman.

The Vigilance Committee.

We should be amazed at the common apathy in reference to this praiseworthy association, were it not that the public seldom hear of the great good it is doing. Many persons, whose adventures are stranger than fiction, and who have received the greatest earthly blessing through the instrumentality of this little band "to fame unknown," are prevented from publishing their "hair-breadth escapes," or their gratitude for their deliverance, till they arrive at Canada. The Committee, however, have had the happiness of relieving several young men, to whom they have restored the freedom which had been stolen from them by those who "catch men." It is safe for these men to state facts.

About three years ago, three young men of this city, named Isaac Wright, Geo. Garrison, and Stephen Dickerson, went on board the steamboat Newcastle, which proceeded South and was employed in short trading voyages among the Southern ports. When nearly one hundred dollars was due to each of them, the captain settled the account by selling them all into slavery. Well do we remember how the father of one of them appeared bowed down by the heavy tidings that his son was a slave. He sorrowed almost without hope. He was a free citizen of the State New York, living under "a most perfect form of government," as we loudly boast, where the "rights of the humblest citizen are protected," as Pres. Van Buren has proclaimed in his inaugural message, yet the State Government took no notice of this gross outrage upon its sovereignty. "That is the best form of government," says Solon, "where an injury done to the meanest citizen is considered as an injury done to the State." It was left to the Vigilance Committee—not to "break the jaws of the oppressor," but to "pluck the prey out of his teeth." They were scantily provided with funds, and the undertaking was difficult and hazardous. Though scores had been previously kidnapped from the free States, we believe there was not a case on record, in which one had been recovered by any legal process originating at the North. Southern courts had sometimes listened to the abused colored man's tale, and in one instance at least, a Louisiana court emancipated a slave which a northern justice of the peace had delivered to the man catchers.

The Committee sent an agent, whose wonderful tact, energy and perseverance were crowned with success in recovering Isaac Wright. He is now in this city, and is industriously working for L. H. Parker and Co., furniture dealers, where he makes a good use of his freedom. What is better than all the rest, we trust he has been freed from the bondage of Satan, (of which American slavery is a fit type,) and has become a disciple of him whose service is perfect freedom. We had the pleasure of hearing him relate his narrative at a crowded meeting of the Vigilance Committee on Monday evening of last week. We have never heard a speaker tell his own history with such simplicity and propriety of manner; and as for the narrative itself, the intense interest with which it was heard till after ten o'clock, was the best evidence of its thrilling power. If he was a white man who had escaped from Algiers, he would be called to visit every part of the country, and his narrative would be dramatized and represented to crowds at the theatres. We hope the Vigilance Committee will have it published, and sold for the benefit of their treasury.

Isaac said his companions had free papers with them, but he had none, for he could not believe it was necessary.—Knowing that he was born free, he did not suppose any one could be so destitute of conscience, as to sell him without the shadow of a legal claim. He has learned by experience what monsters of iniquity are produced by our "domestic institutions," which the church cherishes in her bosom. We pass over his account of the floggings which were given to "whip freedom out of him,"—the mean lies which were told him by our "high-minded southern brethren," the galling chains with which he was bound when he was taken up to Memphis, Tennessee, and the circumstances attending his being gambled away from one holder of the "robber right," to another. All these things we hope will soon be given to the public in another form. We wish, however, to notice some of the wonderful providences which facilitated his deliverance.

1. The man who had gained him by gambling, lost a large sum of money in betting at a horse race, in favor of a Tennessee racer against one from Kentucky. This led him to go down to Mississippi with the Kentucky horse, in hopes to win back his money by "betting on his head." While the man was thus providentially absent, the agent of the Vigilance Committee, whom we will call Mr. C., arrived.—When he learned that Isaac—though he was known to be free—had been passed from hand to hand as a stake at the gambling table, the agent perceived that his wisest course was to invite the young man to travel north with him, without appealing to the law. He might have remembered the outcry that was raised against Aaron W. Kitchell, when he went South to collect money due him.

2. Mr. C. had several interviews with Isaac Wright and it was agreed that they should go up the river in the next steamboat which should come up. While Mr. C. was gone to engage a passage, two white men, with guns and bowie knives, passed the hollow tree where they held their interviews, and where Isaac was still standing. They charged him with being a "runaway nigger," but he offered to prove that he was not, if they would go a short distance with him. This disarmed their suspicions, and they left him. If they had been a few minutes earlier or later, they would doubtless have found Mr. C., and he would have felt the tender mercies of Lynch law. Within an hour after this interview they were both on board the steamboat.

3. The day after they left Randolph, Tenn., on their way up the river [illegible] behind them, while it remained open, [illegible] have been detained by the ice, and doubtless discovered.

4. The ice prevented the steamboat from passing up the Ohio, but then they could travel in a free State. They soon used up their money, and when they came to the river which separates Illinois from Indiana, they had no money to pay their ferriage. Their perplexity was happily relieved by their finding the boat on the side of the river which they approached, while the ferryman was on the opposite side. He halloed to them requesting them to have the kindness to row his boat across. They did so with alacrity. The ferryman thanked them heartily for their kindness. "I assure you he was very welcome!" said Isaac. They soon found friends who relieved their necessities, and, by the blessing of Him who is a father to the poor who trust in him, they arrived safe in New York.

One of Isaac's companions arrived two weeks ago. Z.

From the Voice of Freedom.

Third Party Question.

Whilst some of our friends who favor the project of an independent political party are ready to chide us for our backwardness in falling in with their views, our liberality in giving publicity to some of the most plausible arguments on that side of the question, has transformed us, in the estimation of others, into an out-and-out third party man.—Others still, who have no partizan ends to serve, have placed us in whatever position the supposed interests of their cause might require; and the more reckless have descended to the pitiful business of downright misrepresentation. Our humble experience in the past has taught us how vain it is to hope for entire exemption from such evils—especially in the heat of a party contest—unless one can fully make up his mind to be a political recluse, ensconsed from public view, and practicing the most rigid neutrality on sublunary affairs.

Those who will take the trouble to review the editorial remarks of the "Voice," will find that we have from the first been ranged with those, who, though willing to entertain unfettered discussion upon this confessedly important question, are not satisfied that the interests of humanity would be advanced by a third party organization. Some considerations which have tended to fortify us in this position will here be stated:

1. The history of all political parties in this country forewarns us of the certainty that any party, the moment it becomes sufficiently numerous to hold out the temptations of office, will draw around its standard a mercenary swarm of aspirants, whose influence and companionship is never to be coveted in a work of reform—a work, be it ever remembered, depending more for its success upon the power of truth than upon an array of numbers, however imposing.—Remember the army of Gideon.

2. The great and salutary progress which, under Providence, has already been made in the diffusion of anti-slavery sentiment, has been made without any such organization as is now urged. The Abolitionists of New-York, Vermont, and Massachusetts, have successfully appealed to the legislatures of their respective states for acts and resolutions of a decidedly Anti-Slavery character. These responses for liberty have been given, not simply in obedience to the demands of a party, marshalled before them in aggressive attitude, but in deference to principles self-evidently right, and contended for by a class of men whose negative influence at the ballot-box it was not safe to despise. Do any suppose that the important State testimony now on record against slavery could have been obtained at the call of political partizans, as such, clamoring at the doors of our State capitols? A line of policy whose benefits have been tested by actual experience, is safer than an untrodden path, which though smooth at the entrance, is possibly beset with snares and slime-pits.

3. It will be found difficult if not impossible to prosecute any work of reform by associated effort, unless the individuals associated will, upon questions of expediency, such as modes and forms of action, consent to forego personal predilections so far as to abide by the judgment of the body. As a question of fact, in reference to the expediency of a third political party, we set it down as indisputable, that a large majority of the Abolitionists are now on the negative side. Indeed, so well is this understood, that, since the Albany Convention of August last, no considerable meeting in connection with the third party has been held, without a virtual exclusion, in the terms of the call, of all persons unfavorable to the scheme.

4. The grand object of the Anti-Slavery enterprise is to be attained, not by a successful contest at the ballot-box, as the principal means, but by "the foolishness of preaching" Anti-Slavery principles to our countrymen as men, followed up by a consistent and unswerving course of action, not excepting total abstinence from pro-slavery voting. It will often happen in the progress of a reform, that negative is far more effective than aggressive measures. To our view, the present posture of the Abolitionists suggests a plain case for the application of this principle. The promiscuous discharge of musketry from a few well-meaning soldiers in our line, would raise a smoke, and perhaps wound enough to exasperate the whole opposing line. In the present state of the Anti-Slavery army we can hope for little more. We have heard the war-blast, but to our hearing, "the trumpet gives an uncertain sound."

5. Though we regard the abolition of slavery as the paramount interest of this nation—towering in importance sublimely above all questions of finance or State policy—a question of incalculable pecuniary interest to the free States—yet it is primarily a question of simple justice. The people of the United States are too far gone in the race of degeneracy properly to estimate such a question when placed in competition with one of policy. Whatever means are best adopted to bring the national mind to its proper balance, in this respect should be plied with vigor, and without remission, if our nation is to be saved from utter overthrow. It is pre-eminently a religious question, and none the less so, because environed by political law. The highest responsibility in connection with the abolition of American slavery must ever rest upon the Church and ministry.—These are its main props. The ballot-box as a primary agent of reform will never accomplish the end till truth has wrought its work upon the conscience. Then the ballot-box will speak with an earthquake voice. Truth, Justice, Conscience, Duty, will not be unknown companions at the polls. The recurrence of a Presidential campaign will not be the signal for putting out the lights of the Church. The delirious song of the street-politician will be exchanged for the song of the free.

6. We remark, lastly, that some persons who are now most clamorous for a third political party, and who are wonderfully alive to the consistency of Abolitionists, are of that class of political hucksters, who are constructed on the *swivel* principle—political Januses, who, like the clown in the play, carry all parts of a farce at one and the same time. A prominent actor of this stamp was heard to wind up a street dialogue this week, with—"*but I shall go for Matty!*" Others, whose sympathy for the slave has heretofore been manifested by long-drawn sneers of cold contempt for Abolitionists, are ready to say in the language of Joab to Amasa, "Art thou in health, my *brother?*" We might safely add, that their tender regard for the cause is too well illustrated in the sequel of the scene: "And Joab took Amasa by the beard with his right hand, to kiss him. But Amasa took no heed to the sword in Joab's left hand; so he smote him in the fifth rib." We confess that for one, we have no ambition to contract alliances with such men. we don't like "that *white head* yonder." Such men are masked moral vampires, who will one day volunteer their aid to steady the ark of liberty, and the next, offer the slave's blood in sacrifice on the altar of a pro-slavery party! Though we thus speak of some, who, by their forwardness, have done much to bring the third party movement under suspicion and contempt, we yield to none in our readiness to honor the motives of those who, in obedience to conscience, feel themselves impelled to the measure, as right in itself, and best adapted to hasten the deliverance of the slave.

From the Herald of Freedom.

Brother Pillsbury,—On the 30th ult. in company with brother Chandler, the Financial Agent of the State Society, I left Concord, on an "Anti-Slavery scout" through the lower towns of Hillsborough county. We were in the field nine days—attended five meetings, visited almost every Anti-Slavery family in the towns of Amherst, Milford, Wilton, and New-Ipswich, and collected for the Anti-Slavery Treasury not far from $150—which sum will probably be doubled by the friends in these towns during the year.—The trip was very pleasant to us and we hope profitable to the slave and the cause of truth and righteousness. All is right in that part of the State. Never had the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society a stronger hold upon the hearts and purses of the anti-slavery friends in that region than at the present time. It is true that we found a few, and but a *few*, with their eyes filled with the dust raised in certain quarters and standing back from active participancy in the enterprise;—but we sought in vain for the man, woman, or child, out of the pulpit, who has deserted the standard of '33 and gone down to Colonization, Am. Union, or rallied under the *sixteen* "stars and stripes" of the "Jonah's Gourd Society,"—although two of the towns which we visited had enjoyed the enlightening labors of one of the Massachusetts Missionaries. The Anti-Slavery of old Hillsborough by their undying love of liberty and the inextinguishable hatred which burns in their bosoms against all oppression, will never go for the lowering down of the anti-slavery standard because the sword of truth strikes at principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places; nor will they compromise principle and right, because faithfulness to the truth and the remembering of the black man as being down with him in his degradation has made them in the eye of "public opinion" *niggers*, also. O, no. They are men and women who can abide the peril of the conflict, and who will be in at the battle as well as at the victory. Their faith is equal to the exigencies of the times,—and their zeal and [illegible] keep pace with their faith. You will find them ready to do their part in paying off the $2,000 debt, and to continue and circulating of our grand little bugle of a "Herald of Freedom."

The senseless cry of the seekers after the good opinion of the "wise and judicious," about "rash measures," and "harsh and denunciatory language,"—instead of calling them off from their hot pursuit of the green-eyed monster as he goes crawling all through the windings of society up to his burrow beneath the pulpit, where, after having been sprinkled with holy water, by the man who ministers at the altar, and baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, he may dart out his forked tongue and sip the emblems of the Savior's love,—it but induces these free and true spirits to again ransack the English vocabulary in search of words to shadow forth the holy indignation of their souls in view of the wrong, and rapine, and violence, that every day maps out before them.

Our brethren are fast finding out that their immediate business is not the swelling of their *numbers*, but to act as *standard bearers*; to hold up principle, high above the murky atmosphere of expediency and interest, in its native home the clear sun-light of truth.

I find among the friends I have met with, a perfect harmony of views in regard to the "a World's Convention."—While they rejoice that there was no lowering down of the standard, when vital questions came up for action, and that, on the great matters they acted like christian freemen,—they can but consider it *uncivil*, to say the least, for a body of men to summon together "World's Convention," to discuss the business of a world, and when assembled to take the whole management of affairs into their own hands and excuse their conduct to the assembled representatives of the world, by telling them, that they had met there "to confer with us." That it was a *Conference Meeting* of the British and Foreign A. S. Society, and that the talk about a "World's Convention," was a "mere poetical license." All approve of the course pursued by our delegate.

JOHN R. FRENCH.

Concord, 11th August.

From the Herald of Freedom.

Letter from N. P. Rogers,

Edinburgh, July 22d, 1840.

Dear Brother Pillsbury,—I snatch a pen and a moment to send a *flying* line to you and the beloved Abolitionists of New-Hampsire, from this glorious Capital of Northern Britain. I write amid stirring objects—at the foot of 'Arthur's Seat' and in the land of Bruce, and of Wallace, and of Burns—and it is no falling off of circumstance to say further, that I am writing with George Thompson's pen, in his anti-slavery study,—the scene of his mighty preparations, which have shaken this island with an eloquence unsurpassed by any in the days of its Sheridans—its Chathams—its Broughams, or O'Connells. I wish our pro-slavery mobocrats could see the '*Fugitive from Justice*' here at home, and above all, witness the tempest of applauding that greets him as he enters the great meetings in England and Scotland.

But I must be brief. I congratulate you and Liberty, on your glorious victory of the 3d *of June*. I was in the battle with you in spirit—though in body becalmed on the glassy ocean. It was a victory more glorious than the 'Seventeenth of June,' of our bloody old Revolution,—or than Bannock Burn even, when Bruce sent king Edward home again to England, when he came down to these glens and mountains to 'new organize' Scottish Independence. I knew it must so turn out—if the abolitionism of the Granite Commonwealth rallied to the rescue. You have conquered, and the cause is safe. I have no fears for the cause since New-Hampshire has gone right. *As goes New-Hampshire so goes the land!* Our little mountain State is the Scotland of the Union—and among her hill-tops gush in thousand springs the fountains of our national spirit and opinions. Thank Heaven they gush *free*. You have unmasked 'new organization' and it has seceded. It is well it has, since it must be so. Let it set up a press now, and then we will have the pro-slavery of the North *openly* against us in the field. I hope our brother Curtis will hoist his sheet to the wind. See how it will stand a gale from the White Hills. Free discussion is all that Truth wants. A free and fair field—and let the Right prevail.

Now organization is not confined to the other side of the water. It is rife and in full experiment here. It has a snug abode in London. We found it under way in the substitute meeting for our glorious anticipated 'World's Convention.' That Convention we did not find,—but instead thereof *a respectable little Conference of invited guests of a London Committee*. I was sent to no such, and did not present my credentials or go within its enclosures. Told the managers of it that American Abolitionists did not send delegates across the ocean to wait on London Committees, or any other assemblages short of the whole human brotherhood in convention, gathered, without distinction of sect or *sex*, or color, or clime. They said, as I understood, that they had not any idea of a World's Convention,—that it was but 'a poetical flourish of friend Whittier.' They said in relation to one feature of the meeting, that woman was not admissible because of the delicacy of her sex. Yet we saw women all the way through England, toiling in the hay-field and the hoe-field, and even hammering stone for Macadamizing the road along the great highways. She was not 'out of her delicate sphere' in any of these 'domestic avocations,'—no—nor in spreading manure to fertilize the soil of merry England.

More of this should I reach home. The Conference, though by no means what it ought to have been, or at all like a 'World's Convention,' was still an important meeting, and passed some valuable resolutions—and good will follow it. 'The World's Convention,' however, must be holden in a freer land than old England—it must be holden in *New England*.

I see my name at the head of the 'Anti-Slavery Standard.' I would just say that I am not responsible for that, beyond what was said in your presence. All will be right, I think, when we reach our beloved native shores. I only wish to say, meanwhile, to you and the beloved Abolitionists of New-Hampshire, that my heart is with them, and there I desire my lot to be.

there dwells an immortal spirit that might be pure like an angel; a soul worth all which it cost—and it could cost no more in redemption; the germ of endless being; the beginning of undying life. It will live on, and live on when kingdoms shall be forgotten, and when all the proud monuments that have been reared by oppressed and purchased sinews, shall have crumbled back to dust. For that oppressed and broken spirit Christ died. That down trodden man, God loved when he loved the world, and gave his only begotten Son to die. And I love to feel, and will feel—it makes me love the gospel more, and the Savior more,—that for the red man of the forest Christ died—whether he lingers pensively around his father's grave, or heaves a deep drawn sigh, as he looks on the stream where his fathers fished, or the ample plains, where, in the elasticity of savage life, he pursued the game of the forest; or whether forced away by national injustice, and by the violation of compacts, he turns his back sullenly on all those fair lands, and goes with solitary step and slow, to the setting sun, broken-hearted, to lie down and die. And I love to feel, and will feel, and it makes me love the gospel more, and the Savior more, that for the black man of Africa he died—whether sunk in debasement on his native shore, the victim of degrading superstition there—or whether born a captive across the ocean, and bound down by ignorance and toil in Christian land. He is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. He is a man, an immortal man, a redeemed man, and not a chattel, or a thing. Christ did not die for chattels and for things; he died for souls—for men—for immortal minds—for those who may yet burst every shackle and every bond, and range the world of immortal glory, as immortal freemen there."

From the Union Herald.

Our hearts have been cheered as we have seen from time to time obvious manifestations that Anti-Slavery was doing its work in the South. The seed-time of the cause was one of storm and tempest, of toil and danger: it was long; but the seed has been scattered, to some extent, throughout the whole slave territory. The summer has been characterized by refreshing rains and a warm sun. Efforts have still been continued; and under the united influence of truth and conscience, the seed has vegetated and grown, till it has presented indications of an abundant harvest. The Anti-Slavery Almanac for 1841, gives a list of "emancipations which have come to the writer's knowledge," embracing 465; and states that "most of these emancipations have taken place since 1832, and more than 300 of the slaves (nearly or quite three fourths) have been emancipated within the last year. Nearly all the persons who have liberated them are *known* to have been influenced to do it by Abolition discussions, publications, &c. To the preceding list of persons [36] who have emancipated their slaves, eight or ten more [nearly or quite one fifth] might be added; but we have not sufficiently accurate information of their names, and residences, and the number of slaves emancipated by them, to enable us to give details."

What better evidence can we desire, than that contained in the above statement of facts, that the angel of emancipation has already thrust in his sickle because the *harvest is ripe*. Four hundred and sixty-five emancipations (or nearly) in eight years; and more than three hundred of them during the last year!! Three times as many during the last year as in the seven previous years; and this effect "*known*" to have been produced by Abolition periodicals, discussions, &c. How true it is,

Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive our hope;
The precious grain shall ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

If we add to these statements the eight or ten referred to but not reported, on account of indefinite knowledge, which was probably the result of the last recent occurrence, the prospect is greatly increased. This is the effect of moral suasion—of truth acting on the conscience of the slaveholder, and of prayer to Him in whose hand the king's heart is.

And now we would ask our brethren, friends of a "third party," if it is safe to risk a change of measures! to turn the attention of Abolitionists from the use of those means, so rich in promise, to others of more than doubtful policy! For ourselves we can but look upon the scheme as fraught with evil, and evil only, to the oppressed and down-trodden. We beseech our friends to pause and consider—not as though they had not considered; but to think again. Consider the prospects of the past year; and remember the politicians of the South cannot remain ignorant of these facts—and they will not fail to consider them. Such an increasing tide in favor of Abolition must soon produce a public sentiment that will demand with trumpet tongue the repeal of every statute of their dehumanizing code. Then let us go forward—sow the seed of Abolition truth—water it with prayer, and hope to "see greater things than these."

We must not forget to notice another item of encouragement. Although Congress has refused to hear the slave's petition, yet its halls have already resounded once and again with the voices of those who have had the cause of the slave at heart; and the "powers that be" have listened in silence to the story of the slave's wrongs and his master's guilt. Then again we say, let us hold on our way, trusting in the power of Him who turns the hearts of kings, as the water, whithersoever he will.—P.

Is there not, in connection with the New Organization, a lowering down of Anti-Slavery principle and feeling? The Friend of Man of August 5th states the following fact:—"The Congregational Ministers of Connecticut and New Hampshire have spoken out in favor of Abolition *for the first time*. Houses of worship are more commonly and readily obtained for our meetings than formerly." How happens it, that those bodies, who have for eight or ten years lived under the full shining of anti-slavery truth, and stood aloof from the cause of the slave, should all at once be his warm friends? Can it be supposed that a sudden change has taken place in their feelings towards him? or is it not more probable that anti-slavery has been so changed by New Organization that they can fall in with it, and be Abolitionists as much as any body, without "*but?*" It was the object of the "clerical appellants" so to modify the abolition cause that the popular ministry might come in; and we fear, that what they sought is now accomplished.

ANOTHER STATEMENT.—The Editor of the Connecticut Observer states that the cause of the division is, "a radical difference of views in relation to the mode of conducting the anti-slavery enterprize." That whereas the "Garrison party" are in favor of "measures directly fitted to destroy the Churches of Christ, and *set every Minister of the Gospel adrift*," the New Organizationists, on the contrary, "are unwilling to denounce the Ministers and Churches of Christ [i. e. those Ministers who will not show the people their sins for fear of losing their living, and those Churches who love to have it so] as hypocrites," and think "that the peaceable abolition of slavery may in the shortest time be effected, by *measures which no one can censure*." How far Mr. Tyler gives the truth in the case, we cannot determine, but admitting his statement to be correct, we no longer ask, why have certain "bodies" of Ministers spoken out "for the first time?"

A reason for believing Mr. Tyler's statement correct. At a meeting of the Middlesex County (Conn.) Anti-Slavery Society, held on the 12th of June, H. G. Ludlow, a Vice President of the State Society, introduced the following (among other) resolutions.

"Resolved, That in the opinion of this Society, the body of the clergy and laity of the State are sound in their anti-slavery principles.

Resolved, That the issue, which has been formed between the clergy and members of the Church of this State on the one hand, and the subject of slavery, has been a false issue, inasmuch as the opposition they have expressed has not been against anti-slavery principles, but against many of the measures which have been adopted to promote the cause of universal emancipation."

Thus sympathizing with, and affording an ample apology for, a pro-slavery Church and Ministry, who could look on and see the slave writhing under the lash of the tyrant, and injudicious Abolitionists "riveting his chains still closer, and not raise a voice nor lift a hand for his rescue! We fear the gentle spirit of anti-slavery is beginning to grow weary in her labors of love, and is, for the sake of ease and quiet, sacrificing her purity upon the altar of sectarism.

ONE MORE FACT.—The following is from the Emancipator:—

"*Please send us an exchange*"—*Southern papers. Since* the Emancipator became "new organized," as the Boston party call it, (but whether *in consequence* of that we will not say,) [no question of it, Br. Leavitt,] we have had quite a number of Southern papers come to us with the above request, with which we very cheerfully comply in all cases, and shall be happy to increase our Southern exchanges to any extent. Send us your paper.

Ominous, Br. Leavitt. Since the Emancipator became "new organized," slaveholders love it. It is no longer an incendiary publication—a fire-brand—an arrow of death to the "domestic institution." While the Emancipator carried spiritual armor, and trusted in the God of battles for success, the whole South feared its action upon the Southern conscience, as says Gen. Green; and they, having no weapons with which to repel it, had no alternative but to destroy it, and prevent its being read in the community.—But when it descends to the political arena, and proposes to fight the battle even-handed, with weapons such as they can use, they say, "Come on, Mr. Emancipator, you now begin to give fair play—we will give you battle. Only use weapons that we can see, and such as we can use, and we are ready for the contest." One of two things seems evident; either that "new organization" has exerted a magic influence to change at once the feelings of Southern Editors, or that it has so changed the character of the Anti-Slavery enterprize that they see nothing in it to fear. And it would seem, if they will invite "new organization" papers, they will not hesitate to invite their Editors; and if the Editors, all "new organization" Abolitionists: and we see not but there is a fair prospect that the impassable chasm heretofore existing between slaveholders and pro-slavery Ministers and Churches on one hand, and Abolitionists on the other, is in a fair way to be filled up, and the Jews and Samaritans again have dealings together.—P.

From the Voice of Freedom

MR. EDITOR,—When I hear a man of common sense, declare that slavery is a great evil, and that he would help put it down, if he could be sure that the best measures had been taken; but will do nothing until he can see what the result is like to be; the following scene rises to my view. A large house appears to be on fire. Below a company are engaged in scenes of merriment. Above the family are asleep. The watchman sees the flame breaking through the roof, and sounds the alarm. A respectable citizen says, "O don't make such an outcry, you will frighten the ladies, interrupt the sport, and produce great excitement through the neighborhood." "Cry fire, fire," says the watchman, ring, ring the bell, rouse the firemen, give the alarm, and let every man, and woman too, seize a bucket and dash on the water. O, says a limb of the law, you must be careful, you may expose yourself to prosecution, and be called upon for damages. Break open the door, raise your ladders to the windows, the whole family will be suffocated, cries the watchman. O, says a very good man, and deacon of the church, I hate to have men burnt up, and if I knew what to do I would put my hand to the work; but if I should throw water it might not do any good and I might injure some of the furniture; and should I disturb the family they might run into the fire, or break their necks by leaping from the window. At this moment there was a great excitement, and the parson joined the deacon, and said, he would do something if he could only be sure it was the best way. Do something quick, cried the watchman, or it will be too late, while you are deliberating which foot to move first, or whether you will raise a finger to help or not, the flames are spreading, and the roof is ready to fall in. A man rushed into the crowd and cried out there is powder in the house, keep at a respectful distance, or you will be blown sky high. The parson and his friend flew off, exchanging their congratulations, and in their hearts rejoicing that they had acted wisely in keeping out of harm's way. The rest of the idlers soon followed the example.—The watchman, as a last effort, lifted up his voice like a trumpet. A company of sailors heard, and rushed to the rescue; one bolt and the door flew from its hinges, the stairs were measured with a bound, the sleeping family roused, seized, torn from their beds, and hurried into the street. All safe; all out of harm's way! The happy family rejoice, and with streaming eyes thank their heroic deliverers. Which of these, think ye, was neighbor to the family exposed to the flames? Does common sense answer?—Then go thou and do likewise.

NO FICTION.

The Progress of Things.

Our friends of the Liberator, a short time since, were congratulating themselves that the Abolitionists of Ohio were untinctured with the heresies of "new organizationism" and "*independent nominations*." Well. It comes out, that just as soon and as fast as Ohio abolitionists can get their eyes open to the proslaveryism and duplicity of Gen. Harrison, just so fast do they come over to the policy of independent nominations, and chime in with the "ambitious" and "aspiring" "malcontents of central and western New York!" Were we wrong when we coupled the "*non resistant*" opposition to that measure with the "whig" opposition which at the time they seemed willing to wield against it? The *Rev.* J. Blanchard, and the *Rev.* J. Rankin, [mark the *Rev.* good Bro. Johnson!] constitute the grand nucleus around which all the opposition to the Albany nomination clusters in Ohio, and they have openly declared for Gen. Harrison!

[It is proper to add, that the Philanthropist intimates that Mr. Blanchard would not, probably, repeat what he wrote recently, after having heard the late disclosures concerning Gen. Harrison.]

By the bye, our friends who write in the National Standard, after having alternately belabored, and half apologised for Mr. Blanchard, are congratulating themselves with the remarkable discovery that he is a new organizationist!—This will be rare news in Ohio, where the split has not appeared in our ranks at all! Precious consolation and comfort, too, for the champions who stand in the fore front of the battle against independent nominations in Ohio! Well may they exclaim to their eastern coadjutors, "Call you this backing your friends!

There must be either *union or disunion* among the opponents of independent nominations. If there be union, then the whig brethren were preparing to, at the time when we somewhat commended, the "philosophic reflections" of the Harrisonian "plain man," who was using the Liberator for a drum head in collecting abolition recruits for the log cabin. On the other hand, if there be no such union, and we doubt whether there can be any permanent one, then the friends of independent nominations need not be taunted as an insignificant and scattered minority of the abolition ranks. After the incorrigibly zealous whigs have thoroughly wedded themselves to the "hard cider" movement, they will care little about retaining even the name of abolitionists.—They will disappear from our ranks. And very few abolitionists, except non-resistants, will stand aloof from united political action, in the form proposed at the "April fool" convention in Albany.—*Friend of Man.*

From the Herald of Freedom.

CONCORD, August 12th, 1840.

DEAR BROTHER PILLSBURY,—I am favored with the opportunity of sitting down at home for a day after a fatiguing journey up in Sullivan County. I have only time to drop a short letter, as I am to be off again to-morrow.

I have spent one week in Cornish and found some excellent spirits—genuine and true to the cause of freedom. On Sabbath the 2d inst. in the forenoon I gave an anti-slavery lecture in the Congregational meeting house, to an attentive audience. At noon rode to the Flat and preached in the afternoon and lectured at five P. M. in the Baptist house. On the 3d I lectured at the Baptist vestry, and on the 5th at the south-west part of the town,—6th at Dingleton (so called,)—7th at the school house in Esq. Chapman's district. All of these meetings were well attended, anti-slavery feelings enlivened, and hearts melted into tenderness, which had heretofore been congealed by the chill spirit of pro-slavery.

The Anti-Slavery Society here have a good Circulating Anti-Slavery Library, and I think on the whole, this Society is quite active and efficient in the good cause. They are on the old anti-slavery land marks, sound to the core. Dea. Comings, Esq. Chapman, Mr. Hardy and Mr. Burnap, and others associated with them, have passed the ordeal of public opinion and are sounding the note of freedom loudly in this region. On the 9th I preached forenoon and afternoon, and returned to the Flat and preached at 5 P. M. in the Baptist House. Let it be remembered that one year ago brother Hobart was shut out of this house and prevented from lecturing. What a noble change! All was quiet,—and all who came listened with deep attention. The grand secret is, the pastor of the church (Rev. Mr. Burroughs) is an uncompromising pioneer in the anti-slavery cause, and is not afraid to take hold with his brethren in this cause or to preach abolition in his pulpit and pray for the oppressed openly. It is my opinion the purest abolition in the County is in this ground, and it will not be new organized. The friends here would scorn that. I can say to them cheerfully, *in the name of God go on*. Slavery must go down, for the combat deepens. Pure abolition is grappling with modern democracy and whiggery, and I hope will bring one or both right ere long. In Cornish, Abolition has had to face aristocracy, slavocracy, mobocracy and Colonization; yet it is onward, commending itself to God and every man's conscience—it will triumph. Abolitionists in Cornish are not only hearers of the word, but doers of the work. On Monday I left: they loaded my wagon with provision, such as grain, meat, cheese, and wearing apparel, and gave their hearty good wishes for my success. My health being feeble the first week of my absence, I was not able to remain long enough to go into other towns and lecture, yet a friend and I passed through them. I find there are some, yea—many with us on the old landmarks.

Go on, sir, I have no fear, an enemy can scuttle the N. Hampshire Anti-Slavery ship, or run her up Salt River, as the say of the world is. No, she will keep point blank against tide and stream, until she makes the port of Emancipation and greet on board the freedmen of this country.

Yours in sanguine expectation of freedom,

JOHN W. LEWIS.

From the Christian Witness.

But and Therefore.

No. 1. I am an Abolitionist—*But* I do not believe that slavery is always, everywhere, and essentially wrong—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 2. I am an Abolitionist—*But* while I believe slavery to be inherently and intrinsically sinful, I think the *necessities* of the case may justify its present continuance—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 3. I am an Abolitionist—*But* I am opposed to all anti-slavery organizations, and I cannot give my countenance to them even by speaking against slavery—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 4. I am an Abolitionist—*But* I cannot co-operate with such men as Garrison and Wright, even in opposing slavery—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 5. I am an Abolitionist—*But* the cause is ruined, you have run it into politics—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 6. I am an Abolitionist—*But* it is a mere political question, the pulpit and the Sabbath ought not to be polluted by it—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 7. I am an Abolitionist—*But* though slavery be a system of ineffable meanness and unsophisticated wickedness, I don't like your hard names and bitter speeches—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 8. I am an Abolitionist—*But* you are all the time harping on abolition—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 9. I am an Abolitionist—*But* "my people will not let me discuss the subject in my pulpit—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 10. I am an Abolitionist—*But* my congregation will not let me go to an anti-slavery prayer-meeting—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 11. I am an Abolitionist—*But* some of my subscribers would leave me if I should say anything on the subject in my paper—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 12. I am an Abolitionist—*But* I am connected with a literary institution, which depends in some measure upon Southern patronage—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 13. I am an Abolitionist—*But* I am in for Harrison, *only this once*—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 14. I am an Abolitionist—*But* I must stick to the Democratic party till after the October election—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 15. I am an Abolitionist—*But* I am a lawyer—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 16. I am an Abolitionist—*But* I am a Physician—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 17. I am an Abolitionist—*But* I trade with southern men—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 18. I am an Abolitionist—*But* I don't want the slaves here—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 19. I am an Abolitionist—*But* the slaves are better off where they are—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

No. 20. I am an Abolitionist—*But* you can't agree among yourselves—*Therefore*, I pray thee, have me excused.

W. A. A.

From the Christian Witness.

Missionary Brown.

MR. BURLEIGH—Much has been said about the Missionary efforts of George S. Brown, both for and against—strong appeals have been made within the last two weeks to our citizens for aid to this enterprise by Governor Pinney, the agent of this wholesale Gospel-dispensing-American citizen-banishing-slavery upholding concern.

There are a few considerations worthy of notice, closely connected with carrying the Gospel into Africa. It cannot be denied that Missionary Brown's mode is decidedly the most efficacious and irresistible of any plan that has as yet been adopted, particularly, if we do not consider nor pretend to estimate the consequences which an introduction of the Gospel is always calculated and intended to have follow it.

I have already said, the "Brown" mode of giving the Africans the Gospel is irresistible, and certainly, no one acquainted with the bullet's velocity when quitting its resting place in a bed of powder, at the time of ignition will deny it, and if George S. Brown did not use copies of the Bible to make his cartridges of, he has evidently failed in his enterprise of disseminating the Gospel, when, had he taken the necessary precaution, he might have sent the holy pages "like a tornado into their bowels, hearts and brains," but in the event of his neglect in this matter, I would recommend that he call a parley and see if he does not find that the Africans are perfectly satisfied with the proof of the love that induced him to leave his Home, to carry them the glad tidings of peace and if they should be so unreasonable as to entertain a doubt of it I would also recommend that he produce the "three big slab-sided fellows," that were left with him as hostages, and with this additional argument he cannot fail to convince them of the strong love he bears them; Again—

The "Brown" mode suggests to all business men, an opportunity to save a little something, as it will not be necessary for this African Missionary Society to have the Gospel folded, stitched and bound and hence a saving of at least 25 per cent.

CEPHAS.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1840.

We must not "Stoop to Conquer."

If there was ever a time when Abolitionists should look clearly upon every movement that purports to be anti-slavery, it is now. Influences of various kinds are afloat upon the surface of society, claiming to have the good of the slave at heart. Measures claiming to be more powerful and less denunciatory, more disposed to "take man as he is," and consider his circumstances, and *thus* more successful, are presented for our adoption. New organization and political partyism are abroad, laughing at moral suasion as an *efficient* instrumentality in the overthrow of slavery, while voting is termed the putting forth of "actual power." It is well then for those who do not consider numbers strength, nor the noise of numbers proof of efficiency, to remember that in "God is our strength," and that in proportion as we cleave to truth, and ask not to advance any faster than she can open our course, will our footing be firm, our progress sure. We must not "stoop to conquer." It is our destruction if we do. Unless the Abolitionists can be kept to the task of impregnating the public mind with the value of their principles, their indestructibility, their adaptation like the principles of Christianity to men of all ages, all conditions,—social, political, and religious,—they fail of their object. No success which might attend a different plan of operations would make amends for this departure. Slavery must not only be *abolished*, but an insuperable barrier against its *resuscitation* must be placed at the outer gate. That barrier must be a conviction of its sinfulness in the minds of the people. There is much of truth in the adage, "do work, well, though it take the longer, for what is *well* done is twice done." The very structure of American society is a source of danger to our cause. We are in a hurry. Things move by steam, or not at all. Power must manifest omnipotence almost, or in our estimation it is useless. If we find then that the system of slavery, like a chronic disease, has been gradually absorbing the fountain of life, and thus rendering a renovation not only doubtful but distant, instead of pursuing a course which will restore to nature her functions unimpaired, we adopt means simply calculated to check the disease, our labor is ill spent. Checking diseases that are struggling for the mastery over the vital powers is mere patchwork. Life may be continued awhile, but after all it is continued disease. Efforts to prostrate organic law can only be subdued by the most radical measures. Slight remedies are as bad as none. Such, in our opinion, are the tendencies of "New Organization," and the third political party. Their advocates pride themselves much upon their efficiency in abolishing slavery, not considering that the same power that *abolishes* can re-establish, and that security against such a result should be as much a matter of importance as the repeal of slaveholding law. Men change their opinions often. What to-day is urged as highly inexpedient, to-morrow the public may adjudge as very important. And why should it not be so, where policy takes the place of eternal right, and the election of men to office is made a substitute for repentance? Now neither of these schemes demand of a man that he should believe in the sinfulness of slavery. It is sufficient for their purposes that he goes for its abolition immediately. This qualifies him as a coadjutor with them.

What security can they offer that should slavery be abolished it would not live again? That like a hidden fire it would not burst forth upon us with redoubled power? Who will pledge us that an abolition brought about by New Organization influence would last? New Organization sprung up not out of hostility to slavery so much as to Old Organization, and all acquainted with the facts know it. Its conduct proves it. See its developments in Connecticut. One of the officers of the society, a clergyman, openly declared his disbelief in the doctrine that "Slavery is in all circumstances sinful." Look at its developments in Massachusetts. Amos A. Phelps sacrificing his abolitionism that he might be seated in Malboro' Chapel, and receiving the right hand of fellowship from one of the most bitter foes that our cause ever had. Hubbard Winslow, a bold advocate for mobocracy, declaring that the will of the brotherhood was the supreme law. Look at Charles T. Torrey drawing a likeness between Parsons Cooke, another despiser and sneerer of God's poor, and Elizur Wright, declaring their intellectual and moral resemblances quite striking. Look at Lewis Tappan writing a letter to the National Intelligencer, eager to tell them that it was not the "New Society" that had ostracized Harrison. In fine, look at New Organization any where, and it is as clear as the sun light that its object is not so much the abolition of slavery, as the obtainment of the anti-slavery influence of the country, to convert a bed of thorns to a bed of down for the timid and fearful. If New Organization will succumb *once*, who will say it will not *twice*? And who will secure those who are *now* free that they shall never be enchained if New Organization abolitionism becomes the standard? It is a "*circumstantial hater*" of slavery, and we would no more depend upon it as a means of defence against slavery, than we would choose a torch light instead of heaven's light. Those who lean upon it will find, from its every day development, that it is a "*broken reed*, failing them when most they need." Its main characteristics are the same wherever you find it.

Pliable as dough, it finds its life breath in EXPEDIENCY. If the ministry will hate slavery in a certain place, New Organization cries—"Amen!" If in another place, the church will *not* embrace the principle that slavery is always, every where, a sin; it says "so be it," and elects the recreant priest to an office in its government. If the "usages of society" demand that the rights of females should be trampled under foot—"with all my heart!" cries she. If the stickler for human government says, that it is divine—"to be sure," says new organization—"it is ordained of God." If a man who thinks "slavery is the creature of law," and that abolition and emancipation are two different things,—says, give us an affirmative response, or we cannot embrace! "Your most humble servant!" leaps from her withered lips. Thus she travels like the outcast spirit, "seeking rest and finding none," because essentially and inherently she is the enemy of God's truth—"eternally seeking" for a compromise. Who will guarantee that if we trust her, she will not betray us? Judas ate with his master, and kissed him, and sold him. We say—abolitionists look well to your principles.

"'Tis not unlike that e'en so fair a face
May be the index of a heart most base."

Touch it with the spear of truth. Ithuriel touched a toad in the garden of Eden, and it started up a fallen angel, on whose brow sat "horror plumed."

Be not deceived! Like the Colonization Society, there are a great many good men within its pale, but the day will come when like that deceptive and false scheme, it will be found unable to compete with its wily enemy, for she will silence its murmurings by an appeal to its INTEREST, if she cannot conquer any other way, and New Organization will never go against INTEREST. Slavery is not to be out-generalled. In policy, in the wisdom of the world, in tactics, she is too much for Truth. When by any advice, truth clothes herself in disguise and lays an ambushment, she is worsted. Stratagem is not natural for her. Like David with Saul's armor upon him she feels uneasy, she cannot succeed by cunning. She must war, to conquer, in the broad day light of Heaven, while God and his universe witness the struggle. Then her every blow tells, and she is omnipotent. But clothe her in the garb of "New Organization," corset her up till you half stop her pulsation, bind her to respect the "usages of society," or the relations of civilized life where they are antagonists to her; and she fights feebly, till at last she is cloven down in the street and her banner passes over to the enemy. We say then, be not deceived, but look well to your principles, and desire no advancement faster than they are imbibed. Your progress, then, is sure and safe.

And what is the third political party to do for us? Its object is to abolish slavery. It is in a great rage to cleanse the statute book of the monstrous heresy; much more alarmed at the desecration of a piece of parchment than of a human heart; forgetting in its great zeal that the majority of the South hold no slaves, and that [illegible] alike, or else go against their "divinely ordained government,") while as yet slaves are held by the minority. Now we have a question or two for them to solve,—will some one accommodate us with a fair answer? By what means that they can put forth as a political party do they expect to abolish slavery in South Carolina? A minority are slaveholders in fact, the rest accessaries. The minority cannot *abolish* it if they would, if the "Law is its Creator," the majority *will not* meddle with it till their hearts are changed,—and how are they to be changed any better by political combinations than by moral suasion? Or do the politicians say that the ballot-box is the *great instrumentality* for converting men from their sins? If conversion is necessary before emancipation, of what use is the political party? If it is not necessary, how is the thing to be brought about, unless by making the thing a "matter of State concernment," to be looked at in the mere light of dollars and cents? Come down to the District of Columbia. How are you going to abolish slavery there! Why, says one, "we are determined to start a Liberty party, and our votes shall be given to no man but who will vote for its abolition." Admit that you cleanse the statute book, do you free any slaves? What security will you render that you will emancipate the slaves in that district? The abolition of slavery, when no slaves are freed looks too much like abolishing "slavery in the abstract," a thing of but little importance. But you have gotten the district clear, now what security have you that slavery will not reseize the Capitol? New York swept her statute book clear of the foul stain, and yet she was re-seduced. She has been for years a strong hold of slavery as has the whole North—though she once abolished the system; Why this fall! Its history may be found in the fact, that it was political not moral and religious anti slavery that abolished slavery in New-York. The people considered it "a mere matter of state concernment" instead of a sin. 'Twas a regard for national character—not for human rights, and there was no pledge against a relapse. So will it be with this movement, we prophecy, and those who live to see the sum worked out will be able then to tell whether prophecy has not become a matter of history. Instead of slavery being held up as a heinous sin against God of which men should repent, it will be urged by the party as *a great evil*, of which the nation should rid itself—a "mere matter of state concernment."

Exemplification of Principle.

Men oft times put forth doctrines which they dare not live out. They write carelessly. Catching, in some favored moment, a sight of some great truth, they give it utterance, ignorant of its extent, or its just and legitimate application. When in the progress of a reform, in morals or in politics, they find that their previous embrace of a great principle will, if carried out, lead them to a reception of unexpected and powerful opposition, they shrink from the task and thus prove themselves unequal to the effort. Such persons can never become reformers, in the true and noble sense of the term: commissioned by God to proclaim the destruction of evil doers, as was Jonah, unless works meet for repentance are done, like him they flee from their allotted work, taking refuge any where but in the performance of duty. They are like seed cast on stony ground, but they fail for want of Earth. We inevitably lose our respect for a man who thus proves his inability to appreciate and illustrate in himself those great principles to which his intellect assents.—We were forcibly reminded of this, in the case of Myron Holley. Mr. H. has put forth some very curious doctrines within the last year. No man has stepped out of the old track of that false and lumbersome philosophy which declares that "a principle is good in the abstract but must not be practised," more boldly than Mr. Holley; yet none have manifested more shyness than himself about putting his principles *into* practice. We have observed this in all the men that have formed the political party, with whom we have had an opportunity of conversing; all, *save one*, have manifested moral cowardice, and an evident unwillingness to disturb public sentiment in its settled hostility to one of their avowed principles. They clearly seem determined to "bide their time," till some stouter spirit than they can muster shall "fall foul" of the world's usages, and, with a strong arm, remould and adjust them to a conformity with *truth*.

We give an extract from Myron Holley's "Warsaw" address, premising that Mr. H's. principles are such as do not tally very well in fact with "new organization" ethics. What will Amos A. Phelps, or Lewis Tappan, say to Mr Holley's doctrine, that the "right to speak comes directly from God." Hear him—

"No government is just, except in proportion to its conformity with the law of God. And from Him is derived all rightful authority. The rights to inquire, to reason, and to speak, come directly from Him. The exercise of these rights he has made the great means of human improvement (1.) They lead to improvement, by discovering and imparting a knowledge of the laws of improvement. But man is made social; and discoveries of the laws of improvement could not be applied to society, without a common power to protect all rights against the inroads of ignorance, passion and selfishness. (2.) To afford this protection, is the object of civil government. But, in the means and objects of this protection, all men are equally concerned.—Hence, in setting up civil government, in modifying, changing, and amending it, all men are entitled to an equal influence. The right of suffrage is the only equal instrument of such an influence." (3.)

(1.) Look at this doctrine one minute fairly, and we defy the most skilful magician to *dodge* the conclusion, either that *woman* has not the right to reason and speak, or if she has, her boundaries to their exercise are to be regulated by their serving as means of improvement. When she cannot benefit herself or others by the exercise of those powers, she is forbidden their use: and we ask if man is not also? Wherein, then, does her condition differ from his? There is no way of escape from this conclusion, unless the ground is taken, that somebody is to exercise her rights for her; if that is the case, it relieves her from all obligation, and thus from all accountability, and she is a slave—for what is a slave but a human being whose personality has left him, and is claimed and exercised for him by another.

(2.) What does Mr. H. mean by common power to protect rights? Clearly, if he means any thing, that those who have *rights* have a common interest in their maintenance; this common interest gives a common power in the use of all those means, which in their nature are calculated to secure *this* common interest: if this is not his meaning, then he talks nonsense.

(3.) Here, then, Mr. Holley alights. On the ground—

1st. That the rights to reason and speak are from God, directly.

2d. That they are the great means of improvement, and the individual who is under any obligation to improve, must consider their exercise as the great means.

3d. That those who have the rights, and are bound to exercise them, must have their exercise secured to them by the creation of a power belonging alike to all possessing the rights.

4th. That power is the *ballot-box*. Yet, with such a set of principles as these, Mr. H. is as silent as one could well imagine; and his party follow him. They think to stop the progress of these principles at any particular point they please. Vain hope!

Mr. Holley's argument is worth a volume. He cannot get away from our conclusions without denying his principles. Time will tell whether there will be a rebellion in the camp of politicians. Mr. H. may have to come to the rescue, and tell the world that when he wrote that address, he expected it to be interpreted, not according to truth, but by the commonly received interpretation at the time it was written. There will be those in the party who will develop that principle, and those who will cry, Joshua Leavitt-like, "We did not organize to violate the relations of civilized society, but to abolish slavery;" but the cry will come up, "What says our creed, not what we understood it to have said?" Truth is what we are after; not old interpretations. Some dashing spirit who cares more for God's truth by far, than for wicked usages, will make this party some trouble in time to come, and the best way to get along with it is,—having adopted the principle, to live it out. What say you—who, among you all, dare put upon this language of Mr. Holley's a fair construction and enforce it publicly? We should like to see the attempt. We apprehend there would be gagging or plenty of disclaimers. Thank God, the destiny of these principles (if nothing here) is not in the keeping of dodgers. Their fate is with God. He will take care that the fears or frowns of man shall prove harmless, and that from strength to strength reference to man shall progress, finding among the poor and unknown, faithful advocates who love truth better than reputation. No one in the Anti-Slavery cause who refuses to "gag" females, has ever ventured to settle the question that Women have rights equal unto men. Out of Anti-Slavery meetings, there has been enough of such talk, and it has done great good. But it was reserved for "New Organization" to broach the extent of human Rights, to show how far they go; what else could they do? Engaged in an evil hour in a defence of Civil Government, a thing with which the Anti-Slavery cause has nothing to do, more than with the war in China, they were compelled to show who had rights and who had not. They declared Government to be a divine Ordinance, and to prove it, they had to tell us that Rights came directly from God, *their exercise* was the means of human improvement, and the ballot box their defence. Who with half an eye can fail to see, that pinned closely, they must do one of three things. 1st, be "mum," (we believe that is the modern classical word for silence,) or 2d, deny that Woman has Rights, or 3d, that she ought not only to "speak and think" as the means of improvement, but that the ballot box is her security. Now the old Organization never pretended to take cognizance of this matter, it is sufficient for us that we maintain Woman's right to speak upon the Anti-Slavery platform, when she feels disposed, subject only to those restrictions which are imposed upon men, but the seceders, who are horribly afraid of loading the cause with "extraneous matters," not only must do this but vastly more, or else "play hypocrite" with a face as long as Jekin Groby's. They are for maintaining Civil government as part of their work as Abolitionists, consequently the rights, *all* the rights of *all* the governed come within their scope.

Yet these men tremble in their very shoes when the idea crosses them somebody will carry their principles to their legitimate limits. O, how conservative they are. Their alarm is heard from Genesee to Boston, *via* New-York,—"Usages of Society, Woman's rights, Saint Paul, and the destruction of the Government." Afraid that somebody will catch fire and "rashly declare" that such principles properly exemplified, would lift woman up from her lord's feet and make her a help *meet* for him and then the "usages of society," what would become of them? We give our old friend Holly a hint, either to unload the Anti-Slavery cause of such "extraneous matter" as these principles are, or else to maintain them manfully.

William Goodell and the "progress of things."

This brother, now the Syracuse Convention has passed by and he has found his "Association" has run into a "Party," seems at a loss what to do, unless he begins back at his old trade, (we say *old*, for he has done but little else for the last six months,) of quarrelling with Non Resistants. Some "chance thought" has come over him that Garrison or Burleigh or "some body" else are going to sell the Abolitionists to the *Whigs*; and he makes his little sheet "all ring again" at the threatened danger. To arms! to arms! is heard from his lips—coursing on the back of "TIME'S Night Courier," as he travels up and down the Mohawk, and the great thoroughfare of Western New-York. To arms! our cause is in danger! the foe is upon us! the Whig spies are in our camp, and "what is worse than tongue can tell," the Non Resistants are in their pay!! What evidence have you of this, brother Goodell? Read my article headed "the progress of things," and you will never doubt again. We have, but do not find in that, or *their* course, any cause for such conclusion. Why, do not they refuse to say that this government is "ordained of God?" Yes, and so does the Declaration of Independence. Had not our worthy brother better run a tilt against that old document! It has stood some pretty hard brunts within the last 60 years, and yet it holds on its way, despite the despots of Europe and the third party men—maintaining with the fiercest obstinacy that this government, so far from being "ordained of God," was made by the people. What an heretical old parchment it is! Seriously. We shall begin to think by and by that conventions held for the "Abolitionists of the United States," made up 7-8ths of New-Yorkers, are not only guilty of folly, but that the Editor of the Friend of Man is not *very wise*. We wonder if the Non Resistants *bribed* our old friend Spencer Kellogg, formerly Chairman of the Executive Committee of the New-York State Society, to vote for Harrison? or some other gentlemen in and around that area of country upon which the Friend of Man sheds its weekly illuminations. We hope that amid all the defalcations caused by "Garrison, Chapman and Company," through their divinations, enchantments, unholy spells, et cetera, we may not have to publish the mournful intelligence that brother Goodell has been seduced from his allegiance to a third party, and bartered away to that *great monster* the Loco Foco Party, with Judge Savage at its head.

The World's Convention.

Our remarks on the proceedings of this body have elicited a reply from a member of the convention, but there are only a few points which we think it important to notice further.

The member is surprised that "the exclusion of female delegates" does not meet our entire approval. We expressed no opinion on this subject, simply giving the facts as a part of the history of the meeting.

In relation to the suppression of the portion of Mr. Clarkson's speech on British slavery in India, the member admits the fact, but contends that the subject was fully laid before the convention by Professor Adam of Harvard University. And the fact is the most disgraceful that we have ever met with in connexion with the doings of an Anti-Slavery convention. A committee of a society that had no authority whatever in the convention, meet the individual who is expected to preside, review his speech, wait on him three several times, and insist on striking out of it such parts as are offensive to English ears. And Clarkson tamely submitted to the dictation, and delivered his speech according to order. But "full reports were made on the subject of slavery in India." But they were made by Professor Adam of Massachusetts, one of the delegates who had

friends in politics, are and have been broaching for months doctrines which we disbelieve, and which we yet prophecy will produce a "New Organization." No man, it is declared, can be a good Abolitionist, unless he will vote—so say some of the party—others say no man can be a good Abolitionist, unless he will go their scheme of a third party—others say no man can be a good Abolitionist and belong to the Whig or Democratic party—others that a man must be a Loco Foco, and his cry must be, "no monopoly, universal suffrage, equal rights." When a gentleman of Mr. Smith's abilities represents such a party, one of whose first men says he should "highly rejoice" to go for Judge Savage, if his hearty consent could be obtained to the nomination; he must not feel that we break in upon his privacy if we speak freely of his doings as well as of his party.

(5.) We did not find fault with Mr. Leavitt's letter, we only referred to it as proof that "somebody" had written to Judge Savage. We are ready to say that the latter part of the extract Mr. S. has furnished us for publication, is creditable to Mr. Leavitt. We did say and we reiterate it, that it surprised us and we were not alone in the matter—that any one claiming to be an Abolitionist, so pure that he could not vote even for Luther Bradish, should ply a hoary-headed Judge with a letter to know if he would give his consent to a nomination. A man who had never been known as a friend of our cause—a man who had never been known to sigh for the down-trodden and the dumb loud enough for an angel to hear it; that Abolitionists should ask of such a man only that he should give his "hearty consent" to a nomination, in order to make him fit for the leading representative of the party in the Empire State, is greatly discreditable to them. We will agree to find them as many candidates for office as they will be suited with, if they will insure their nomination.

(6.) Pray, what has "standing by Mr. Delavan" to do with Judge Savage's fitness as a candidate for the office of Governor? We thought Mr. Leavitt's doctrine was that Abolitionists "associated not to reform society, but to abolish slavery." Has Mr. Leavitt turned "Reformer General of Humanity?" How many more things are they to tack on before they get to the *finale* of reform? They have gotten as objects of effort. 1st. The divinity of human government. 2d. Opposition to all monopolies. 3d. *Universal* suffrage. 4th. Temperance. 5th. What? Will the leaders please to fill up the catalogue? They will get as many objects of effort as the "Abolition Standard" of New Hampshire, that was started to keep the abolition cause clear of "extraneous matters," and advertised sixteen different subjects as topics of thought and defence. Verily, Mr. Smith's party will soon have a sufficiency of topics to occupy its attention, aside from slavery, if it fills up its list as fast as the "anti-ex'raneous matter" Abolitionists of New Hampshire have done.

(7.) "Pure democratic principles!" This sounds much as though it came from the Washington Globe, instead of Joshua Leavitt. What are "pure democratic principles," unless those principles that acknowledge the equality of man, and does Judge Savage hold such principles? Who knows it, who can turn to his life and prove it—a man who left the office of Judge to become Clerk of a Court that he might lay up money—a man who, if report doth not tell false, has always gone with the Van Buren party, and goes with them now. If Judge Savage has pure democratic principles, then the doctrine is false that is so strenuously urged that a man cannot be a good Abolitionist and belong to either political party, for we ask if Abolitionists may not vote for a *good* democrat—a man of "pure democratic principles?"—what say the third party? Is their standard of "pure democratic principles" to be represented by Judge Savage? If so, who will say that we misrepresented the standard of reform in that Convention, when we said that "for Abolitionists it was miserably low." We thank Mr. Smith for sending us the extract from Mr. Leavitt's letter. It enables us to let the world see what in the mind of Joshua Leavitt "pure democratic principles" are.

To our Subscribers.—Please look at this!

We wish our subscribers distinctly to understand that their papers are regularly mailed. We also wish our package or single subscribers to remember that we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any failure they may chance to meet in the reception of their papers that we send by steamboat or private conveyance. We will direct papers according to orders, but in *no* case will we take to ourselves blame, unless the papers have been ordered to be sent through the post office. *The mail is the proper medium of conveyance*, and surely no individual need feel poverty stricken who gets the Standard at 1 43 or 1 25 cents per copy—that he may have to pay his 50 or 75 cents per year as a postage bill. They may do it and have their papers regularly, or be dependant on steamboat and railroad agents, clerks in anti-slavery offices, or any body else, and get their papers when they are three weeks old, half the time. If Abolitionists knew what poor economy it is to order papers except by mail, it seems to us they would get out of the foolish habit. The disappointment of going over a week is worth a year's postage. Complaints come in upon us on this wise:—"I ordered my paper left at such a place, to be sent by a *tow-boat*;" another by "railroad;" another "at Cornhill;" another "at the anti-slavery office." Well, gentlemen and friends, please to order them by mail and they will come strait, unless the postmaster is careless. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

William Bolles.

The letter on our first page from our friend William Bolles was sent for publication to the Charter Oak, but the conductors of that paper, though they had seen fit to continue him an officer of the society, did not see fit to publish his opinions, lest, forsooth, they should be found having an officer who condemned their organization. The article was sent them in July. The Editor tells Mr. Bolles in the last Oak he has no doubt of his disinterestedness and of the perfect right Mr. B. has to his opinion, but then he cannot acknowledge Mr. B's right to *express* his opinion in the Oak. This sounds very much like the talk of Congress upon the "right of petition." Mr. Bolles, finding his letter shut out of the Oak, has handed it over to us for insertion.

Agents Wanted.

We are in want of some half dozen or dozen good Agents, to get subscribers for our paper. We want men who will feel that this journal is the organ of the Abolitionism of the country, that its course must be upward and onward, warring against every thing that is opposed to the rights of man, no matter how firmly planted that opposition may be, or where is its resting place. Such men we want, and to them will be given a commission that will enable them to maintain themselves and the paper at the same time. Letters should be addressed to W. C. ROGERS,
Office of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 143 Nassau st.

Extracts of Letters from Friends.

"I have received a number of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, and am so well pleased with its appearance, that I am induced to solicit a further acquaintance. It is planted on a broad and solid foundation and waves an invitation to the whole human family to assemble and do battle for *humanity* under its ample folds. May it never be struck down or lowered from its present elevated site."

"It is with heartfelt joy that I hail the Standard unfurled to the breeze. May the Lord give you wisdom and strength to bear it aloft uncontaminated in the midst of the sin-advocating of Levites and a time-serving Priesthood and the Sectarian power that is combined to crush the free spirit of the land, and is more concerned about keeping the noble hearted and self-sacrificing in their appropriate sphere, than they are of displeasing the Son of God, who came to preach deliverance to the captives and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound, and who said as ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them. Go on, dear brother, in bearing the Standard of universal liberty aloft in the strength of the Lord Jehovah and you have nothing to fear—the victory is yours.

I subscribe myself a friend for equal rights of all that bear the image of God, and for the universal liberty of all without distinction of sect, color or clime."

DEAR BROTHER—I have just had the pleasure of perusing the first number of the National Anti-Slavery Stand-, which was directed to my father, in which I saw a notice for some half dozen good agents to obtain subscribers for your paper. I offer to you my services for the purposes specified in that notice. Not for the sake of gain myself, but for the sake of my brethren in bondage, as being bound with them. Neither can I expect immediately to procure a great number of subscribers for the paper. I am residing in a beautiful, fertile country, where one might suppose the Lord had finished his work and pronounced it good. But it is filled with various sorts and sects of people. There are many violent opposers of abolitionism; and some kindred spirits who seem to feel for the oppressed. But for the want of true light I fear there are too many deceived by the subtlety of Sectarian Priestcraft and New Organization; yet the prejudices of the inhabitants generally I think are not as strong as in older settlements. I shall expect, however, to get many scoffs, and sneers, and persecutions, and perhaps lynching; for the deeds of the law are more generally done here by lynching than by the (what is called) civil or judicial law; for that is good for nothing here, people have become too cunning for it.

I feel anxious to do what little I can for the cause of the oppressed, and am inclined to think that I can do more as an agent for this paper than any other way at present. But, in order that you may not be deceived by my religious and political principles, I suppose it will be right to inform you in a brief manner what they are. My father and brother are subscribers and readers of the Liberator and Non-Resistant. We all feel that the hours spent in reading those papers are the most interesting and pleasant part of our time. We are elated with the principles of Love, or Non-Resistance, which we believe to be synonymous; we believe its dimension to be boundless as the heaven and broad as the universe; and that the time is rapidly, very rapidly approaching, when it shall prevail; when the sword shall be beat into a ploughshare, and the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. We believe in the union of the Church without a name of sect. As to politics we assume none, and detest the idea of a third political party.

The cause of righteousness and peace must be upward and onward. Let us not faint or be weary in the cause of suffering humanity. That the time may hasten when all violence and oppression shall cease, and the whole earth be filled with peace, love and joy in the Holy Ghost, is the sincere desire of your friend.

Old Opinions.

We give our readers an editorial article from the Emancipator of August 10th, 1837, on the subject of women speaking in promiscuous assemblies. Read it, and then say if the man must not have a "brow of brass" who can talk of New Organization as embodying the original and constitutional views on this question. The article is as follows:—

The Misses Grimkes.

"We understand that these ladies addressed an audience a few evenings since, at Lowell, of 1500 persons, a large proportion, but by no means all, of whom were females. They were heard, as they have been elsewhere, with the greatest attention, and manifest effect.

Yet in spite of this success, there are not wanting those, even among abolitionists, who doubt the propriety of their addressing promiscuous assemblies. These ladies do not go out as Agents of the American A. S. Society, nor in any way connected with it, yet for ourself we could fully justify the Society in sending them to do just what they are doing. It must be remembered that the American A. S. Society is not a sectarian institution, but is made up of all sects, and appeals to all to plead the cause of the slave, each in its own way. In employing females of the Society of Friends to lecture, it would be guilty of no innovation. We do not see how members of other sects could object to it any more justly, than to admitting Friends as members.

We are aware that the Massachusetts General Association of Congregational Ministers has taken ground against the mistaken conduct of those who encourage females to bear an obtrusive and ostentatious part in measures of reform and countenance any of that sex who so far forget themselves as to itinerate in the character of public lecturers and teachers.

We suppose the General Association can reconcile this with the following resolution which they passed at the same meeting:—

'Resolved, That we approve of free and candid discussion on the subject of slavery, and also of all other proper methods of diffusing light and promoting correct moral sentiment which may have an influence to do away the evil.'

The Association would certainly do the world a favor by informing it what are '*proper* methods.' Is it *proper* for the Miss Grimkes to speak to gentlemen in a private parlor *with their own permission?* Is it in the stage coach and steamboat? in a hired hall? in a district school room, if they must be forced out from the sacredness of the pulpit cushions? May they use the pen if denied the tongue?—Those who have made themselves the special guardians of female manners should answer many such questions.

It ought to be observed also, that the Miss Grimkes have not only the sanction of the religious body to which they belong, but they have actually been obliged by the importunity of the men of Massachusetts to admit them to their lectures which they designed to confine to their own sex. Who will lay a straw in the way of their able and effective advocacy of the rights of the poor victims of our own Christian oppression!"

Dear reader, what do you think of abolitionism in 1837? Was it in favor of woman's speaking in public? Here is an editorial article written, printed and published with the sanction of the Executive Committee, endorsing the very doctrine for which we are contending. Read it carefully, as though some "woman's rights" editor of August, 1840, had written it, and see how far we are in our course with the "Standard" from what the Executive Committee were in 1837. What says the New Organization to its orthodoxy? Was the Emancipator orthodox in 1837? By the way, who will tell us who wrote that editorial article. Will the editor of the Emancipator tell, or the Anti-Slavery Reporter, or the Massachusetts Abolitionist? The article was written during the time between the resignation of Amos A. Phelps, and the public acceptance of the editorial chair by Joshua Leavitt. Will any body tell us, for we strongly suspect a prominent New Organizationist wrote it.

To my Anti-Slavery Friends and Coadjutors.

I stand once more upon my native soil, ready to mingle with you in the great and glorious conflict which is going on in this country between the friends and the enemies of God—the lovers and the haters of man. Devoutly recognizing the kindness of that Providence which has permitted me to visit and commune with the free and brave spirits of England, Scotland and Ireland—which has followed me wherever I have travelled, and made my path pleasant and agreeable in the highest degree,—and which has returned me in safety and health to the bosom of my family,—I seize the earliest opportunity to say to you, that, instead of faltering in your course, you have every possible inducement to rejoice in spirit, and to redouble your exertions to bring to a speedy termination that terrible system of slavery, which is the shame and curse of our country. That system cannot endure much longer: there are causes in operation, which, in the course of a very few years, will assuredly emancipate every American slave. Once more, then, to the onset!

Only three months have transpired since I left the United States; yet, during that brief period, I have travelled nearly eight thousand miles,—have visited the principal cities and towns in Great Britain,—have attended and participated in various public meetings,—have had many important interviews with some of the noblest spirits of the age,—and have labored incessantly, and I trust not in vain, to promote the great work of reform, in all its various branches. My reception has been cordial and flattering in the extreme, in connection with those who were associated with me in the mission to England. Especially are we all under the deepest obligations to our anti-slavery friends in Scotland and Ireland. They spared no pains to make our visit satisfactory and delightful, and to show us how deeply they sympathized with us in all our trials and toils on this side of the Atlantic. To some of them, I shall have occasion to allude in a more particular manner hereafter.

Of the London Convention, I shall speak without reserve in future numbers of the Liberator. It was any thing but a free Anti Slavery meeting. It was a mere automaton in the hands of a self-constituted body in London, who, having invited the Abolitionists of America to meet the Abolitionists of all the world in Convention, most unjustly decreed that a portion of their delegates should not be recognized on that occasion. In excluding any one of the delegates of the American Anti-Slavery Society from a seat in the Convention, the credentials of all of them were virtually dishonored; for they all stood on the same ground, and all acted by the same authority. The American Abolitionists, therefore, have a right to complain, that they have been deceived, and treated with indignity. They will be careful not to be deceived a second time. There will never be another such Convention held in London, or any where else. If there be any one act of my life, of which I am particularly proud, it is in refusing to join such a body, on terms which were manifestly reproachful to my constituents, and unjust to the cause of liberty. If I have been at any time serviceable to the cause of our common humanity, I have never done better than in bearing my testimony against the exclusive organization of the *pseudo* "World's Convention." My worthy associates, Messrs. Rogers, Adams, and Remond, nobly refused to allow their names to be placed upon the roll of the Convention, although strongly importuned to join it.

Since I left this country, it has been my privilege to travel in company with my excellent coadjutor, Nathaniel P. Rogers, from whose luminous pen much may be expected in regard to our Anti-Slavery mission. He has won for himself the esteem and admiration of the best friends of our cause on the other side of the Atlantic, and done much to promote the great object so dear to the hearts of all faithful Abolitionists the United States.

As soon as I shall have recovered from the fatigues of the voyage, I shall resume the editorial duties of the Liberator, and endeavor to meet them with more zeal and devotion.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.
Boston, August 19th, 1840. *Liberator.*

Subscribers to the Emancipator.

Those individuals who subscribed for the Emancipator, as the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the current year, are informed that by making known to our Publishing Agent their preference for this, and their post office address, shall receive the Standard gratuitously for the time they have paid for the Emancipator.

From the A. S. Almanac for 1841.

Was God the founder of the 'Negro Seat?'

Was God the founder of the 'negro seat?' Are those elders, deacons, vestrymen, stewards and church-sextons, who compel colored persons to sit in the negro seat, and if they take any other seat turn them out—are such men "God's ministers attending continually upon this very thing?" Would He who tasted death for every man refuse to *sit* with those for whom he *died?* Does He who saith, "to the poor the gospel is preached," forbid them to enter his temples unless they will consent to be set apart like loathsome lepers, thus co-operating in their own degradation? Does He who made the cars of ancient pride to tingle with his indignant charge, "Ye have despised the poor," does *He* minister to the same feeling against which he thundered his curse? Does He set up, as a mark for hisses and scornful pointings, those bodily peculiarities which are his own handy-work? Has He who said, "If ye have respect of persons ye *commit sin*," become the great patron of that sin, and made his own house the habitation and asylum?—Who dare uplift his brow against his Maker with such a charge as this? Yet who does not know that thousands in these 'Free States,' who claim to be God's ministers, his representatives, his commissioned ambassadors, the teachers of his principles, the enforcers of his claims, the illustrators of his equal and impartial love toward all his creatures, so far from casting out with horror such heathenism from Christian temples, smile upon it, provide accommodations for it, and sanctify it by declaring in their practice, that it is in harmony with the law of love, and is well pleasing to Him who is "no respecter of persons." Such ministers prostitute their office, libel their Maker, and tread into the dust their equal brethren and sisters. That state of heart, in professedly Christian churches, which originated and perpetuates the "negro seat," makes Christ the minister of sin, and practically abjures him, by perverting his truth, repudiating his spirit, and deriding those unspeakably tender sympathies of its holy nature, by which he draws to his heart, and indissolubly links and identifies with himself the most despised of his little ones—sympathies out-poured as an ocean-tide in those words of immortal pathos, sublimity and terror, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the *least* of these, ye did it unto ME." O besotted and impious men! The Judge of quick and dead arraigns and condemns you; hear your accusation and sentence from the lips of the Son of God. "Inasmuch as ye have scorned to sit with the least of these, ye have scorned to sit with ME. Inasmuch as ye have spurned from your company, and thrust into corners, the most despised of my poor, ye have spurned and thrust aside ME. For ME you have set apart your 'negro pew'—ME you have thrust into it as an unclean thing—ME you have compelled to sit in that abhorred seat, or to be driven from my own sanctuary; for 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto ME.' Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish."

Finally, to every professed minister of Christ, who has thus far countenanced the impiety of the "negro seat," we say, *repent of your sin*, confess and forsake it; then preach, pray, testify, cry aloud against that worse than heathen abomination—give place to it by subjection! no, not for an hour. In the name of God, smite down the crested blasphemy and cast it headlong. If your hearers, like those who were cut to the heart by the truth of old, contradict and blaspheme, and drive you from them, count it all joy; you have honored God, been a witness to his truth and delivered your own soul—shake off the dust of your feet as a testimony against them, and go on your way, rejoicing that you are counted worthy to suffer shame for his name.

Free Negro Labor.

Familiar Letters to Henry Clay of Kentucky, describing a Winter in the West Indies. By J. J. Gurney. 1 vol. New-York: M. Day & Co.

The calm minded and practical philanthropist who is the writer of these letters, has just left our shores after a visit of something more than three years to this western world. He has carried with him the respect of all who were casually thrown into his company, and the warmth and affectionate admiration and regard of those more closely connected with him by friendship and familiar association.

As a part of his general scheme in crossing the Atlantic, he visited the West Indies—"neither" to use his own language "in the pursuit of pleasure, nor for the specific purpose of ascertaining the effects of emancipation; much less, as the agent or representative of any body of philanthropists, either in England or America, but in the character of a minister of the Gospel."

The results of this visit are embodied in the letters comprehending in this volume, and addressed, by permission, to Henry Clay; and most remarkable and encouraging are those results to the working of the great experiment now in progress in the British West Indies, of the complete emancipation of the slaves.

Mr. Gurney visited St. Croix, St. Thomas, Tortola, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, Jamaica, and Cuba, and in a sort of tabular form, or diary, the information obtained in each island is given. We are struck throughout the record, with the absence of any thing like system or theory to be established, beyond the general conviction that freedom could not be incompatible with the prosperity and peace of these communities.

Fair, and patient, and promiscuous inquiry, and cautious deductions, seem to guarantee the accuracy and truth of all the conclusions of this disinterested and benevolent observer; and these conclusions, as we have said before, are most encouraging and consoling to all who desire the extinction of slavery, and earnestly look for proofs that this extinction can be effected without any risk to the white race.

On this point, as all readers who have attended at all to the matter are aware, there have heretofore been much conflicting testimony—exaggerated reports of benefits on the one hand, and exaggerated rumors of disturbances and losses on the other. The calm narrative of Mr. Gurney puts the matter of fact at rest—"Wherever the negro is treated *fairly, kindly, and wisely*," he is found an obedient, manageable, and productive laborer, as sensible to the stimulus of wages, and as anxious to acquire property, as the white man. And this is the whole case. For if it can be satisfactorily established that the emancipated slave, instead of being an idle drone, or a licentious marauder, will, with fair, just, and steady treatment, become a willing laborer at wages, the case is made out—since no one, we believe, doubts that free labor, at job work especially, is vastly more productive than slave labor.

We hope this little volume will have universal circulation in our Southern States. It is entirely free from harshness—not an unkind word or reflection occurs, so far as we recollect, in its pages—not a reflection that can shock any reasonable man, though a slave-holder.

It is a dispassionate exhibition of the actual working of the noble experiments of our age—the restoration to their rights as men, of thousands and tens of thousands of human beings long held in bondage—and by the results so easy, so certain, so materially beneficial to both races, it is sought to encourage the owners of slaves elsewhere to follow the bright example.

Of *Jamaica*, the account is long, circumstantial, impartial, and as in the case of the other colonies, most satisfactory.

From Jamaica, as is known, have proceeded the most vehement outcries against emancipation, and the direst foreboding of ill from its consummation.

In Jamaica, too, that half way measure of apprenticeship, intended as a sort of intermediate state between slavery and freedom, but of which the effects seem to have been all evil, has left seeds of bitterness and discontent more than elsewhere. Yet, with all these drawbacks, even in that island, the balance of order, comfort and diligence on the part of the freed laborers, and of security and increased pecuniary gain on the part of the planters, is clearly and largely in favor of Freedom. On the latter point, pecuniary profit, we copy this remark: "The prosperity of the planters of Jamaica must not be measured by the mere amount of the produce of sugar and coffee, as compared with the time of slavery. Even when produce is diminished, profit will be increased—if freedom be fairly tried—by the saving of expense "I had rather make sixty tierces of coffee," said A. A. (an extensive planter visited by Mr. Gurney,) "under freedom, than one hundred and twenty under slavery; such is the saving of expense, that I make a better profit by it—*nevertheless, I mean to make 120, as before.*"
N. Y. American.

Office of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

All orders for publications, and all letters in relation to the business department of the Standard, should be addressed to ISAAC T. HOPPER, 143 Nassau-street. All communications for publication in the Standard should be superscribed to the "Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard," 143 Nassau-street, N. Y.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Accident at Albany.

A few minutes before five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, our city was thrown into a most painful state of excitement, occasioned by the occurrence of an accident altogether unforeseen, and more fatal in its effects than any thing which has occurred in Albany since the first settlement was formed within its limits.

The cars from the west had just arrived, and among other passengers for the downward boat brought a maniac, whom his friends were conveying to a lunatic asylum. This person was in charge of Mr. James Hinman, a city constable, who was escorting him to the North America, then about to start for New-York. He was very troublesome and violent in his behavior, and when they arrived at the bridge which crosses the basin to the pier at the foot of State street, it became necessary to tighten or alter in some manner the shackles with which he was confined; and for this purpose they stopped on the draw-bridge. As usual on similar occasions, a crowd of curious persons immediately collected around them, and the bridge was soon crowded with spectators, among whom were several persons with horses and wagons and carts.

At this moment the western half of the draw gave way under the weight upon it, and was immediately followed by a portion of the eastern half, breaking square off about the centre, and the whole were precipitated into the water from a height of from fifteen to twenty feet. It is estimated that the bridge contained not less than 150 persons, probably more, at the time, besides three horses. In its fall the western half of the draw turned completely over, falling on top of its unfortunate occupants, thus rendering their fall more fatal. How many lives were lost, or the names of the victims, it is impossible to ascertain with correctness, as from the momentary stopping of the crowd, it is not probable that any one knew who was on the bridge but himself. Many got out with no other injury than a wetting, while more were more or less bruised and maimed in the fall.—*Bee.*

The following additional particulars are from the Albany Argus:

Among the citizens who made praiseworthy efforts to save lives and recover bodies, were Colonel Groesbeck, Robert L. Kearney, John McCardle, Edward Brinkerhoff, S. M. Fish, J. E. Gayit, David Terry, Jr., Elijah Brainard, and several others whose names do not occur to us.

The labor of dragging or searching the basin was resumed this morning, and one body, that of Master Chamberlain, recovered. The probability is that all have been found, although there are rumors of one or two missing boys from families in the city.

Eight bodies, not claimed by relatives, were deposited on Saturday night in the City Hall. On Sunday morning three of them were removed by their friends, and the funeral of the remaining five took place from the City Hall at 1 o'clock P. M., under the direction of the Corporation, attended by several of the clergy and a large concourse of citizens.

Jacob Pinteau, reported drowned, is alive.

In addition to the injuries and escapes mentioned below, were the following:

Charles Moseley, severely wounded in the head and side—delirious.

Ten Eyck Quakenbush, dangerously wounded in the head.

John McKernan, porter at Congress Hall, was taken from the water, with his shoulder badly dislocated.

Connelly, a blacksmith, is said to have his thigh broken.

One of the narrowest escapes was that of A. Gallup, jr. He was passing to the boat with a package of money. Feeling the downward motion of the bridge, he threw the money forward on the unbroken part, and caught the foot or boot of a person who, in his turn, clung to the timber above. Being on that part of the draw which came up by the force of the weights, when relieved of its load, he was relieved from his perilous situation, and recovered his packages. Twenty-eight dead bodies have been recovered.

From Bermuda.—By the arrival of the brig Quadruple, we have files of Hamilton papers to the 11th Aug. Those of the latest dates contains the record of no domestic occurrences worth copying.

We cut the following paragraphs from the Royal Gazette of July 28.

Important Intelligence.—A letter written by a resident in Surinam has been received in town, A Dutch Government steamer, from the Gambian coast had arrived at Paramaribo with fifty wild Africans, indentured to labor as pioneers at the public works, for fourteen years. A French vessel, which had attempted the exportation of a similar cargo, had been compelled by the English cruisers to set them free; but had sailed in consequence, to lay a narrative of the whole occurrence before the parent government.

Holland and France are said to be bent on prosecuting the new branch of trade, which they contend does not amount to enslavement, and on trying the question with England, if she dispute their right.

If Holland and France insist upon stocking their plantations with African apprentices, England must yield to their demands. For, first, the nations interested in the traffic are too powerful for her to cope withal, especially while she is implicated in a contest with "a third of the human race." 2. The abolition party is not a war party, but disclaims the use of all but moral means. How the leaders will be able to reconcile their knowledge of the impulse given to foreign slavery with their denial of immigrants to the British colonies, time will show. The sooner the crisis reaches its height the better for the West Indies.—*Guiana Times, July 8.*

"*Singular and Suspicious Circumstances.*—About two weeks ago, a young man, named Geo. E. Kenney, residing in Ballard Place, died very suddenly with what was said by some to be the Asiatic cholera. As he belonged to one of the independent companies, he was buried with military honors.

There was some suspicion, however, as to the real cause of his death, and the body was disinterred, and examined by several distinguished physicians. A large quantity of corrosive poison (arsenic) was found in his stomach, and there could be no doubt that his death was produced from that cause. Here the matter rests for the present.

Mr. Kenny was married some few years ago, to the widow of the late Rev. Enoch W. Freeman of Lowell. She had previously been divorced from her first husband. It will be recollected by many who read this, that her marriage to Mr. Freeman caused a great deal of discontent in the society over which he was pastor, and was the occasion of much talk, and perhaps no little scandal.

It will also be recollected that Mr. Freeman was taken suddenly ill on Sunday, just as he entered his pulpit, and died in much the same manner with Mr. Kinney. His death, too, was attributed to the cholera, but we belive no examination of the stomach was made. These circumstances have caused no little talk in this city, and well they may. We, of course, draw no inferences from the facts we have stated, except to repeat that they are of a suspicious character, and demand further investigation."

We learn that the remains of the Rev. Dr. Freeman have been exhumed, and the circumstances are of a nature to confirm the suspicion that he died by poison. The contents of his stomach will be submitted to a chemical analysis. It is said that Mrs. Kinney has absconded. She is represented as possessing great personal attractions, and intelligence, but has never been remarkable for cultivating the moral sentiments. The whole affair, which has caused no little excitement in this city, will doubtless be strictly investigated.
Boston Times.

Fatal Accident.—We regret to learn that as Mr R. S. Stearns, or Salem, was passing through Salem street, yesterday afternoon, in a gig, his horse took fright, from the upsetting of a load of bricks, when the vehicle was upset, and Mr. S. was thrown out, and so badly injured that he expired at 5 o'clock this morning.
Boston Transcript.

Hulseman, the Counterfeiter.—The Kingston (U. C.) Chronicle of the 8th instant, announces the arrival there of Hulseman, the engraver and counterfeiter. He arrived there on the 6th inst. and took up his quarters in the British American Hotel.

Suicide.—James O. Fitch, an old and respectable inhabitant of Rochester, formerly an inn-keeper, and engaged in business to a considerable extent, committed suicide in that city on the 18th inst. by drowning himself in the canal.

Murder.—James Dorsey, a blacksmith, killed his wife by strangulation at Lockport last Sunday week. Dorsey and his victim were both addicted to drunkenness, and when the officers of justice entered the house, they found the corpse lying on the floor, and the wretched man asleep upon his miserable bed.

A Judgment.—Rab Hamilton, a person of weak intellect, well known in Ayr, was a staunch Seceder. One day, however, he went to hear a sermon in a church belonging to the Establishment where the sermon was generally read, and took his seat on an inside stair, that had what is called a wooden ravel. In his anxiety to listen, he put his head through the railing and when he attempted to pull it back, he found he was caught by the ears. He pulled and pulled but in vain. At length, a sudden thought struck him, that this punishment was a just infliction for leaving his own church. "It's a judgment! it's a judgment on me, for leaving my ain kirk! it's a judgmet," cried he to the amusement of the whole congregation, "it's judgment on me for leaving my ain kirk and gaun to hear a paper minister!"
Laird of Logan.

Providential Escape.—During a thunder storm on Sunday forenoon, the lightning struck the weathercock of the Dutch Church at Kingston, Ulster county, ran down the rod by which it was attached to the ceiling right above the pulpit, diverging along a beam running across the church, and by the window on either side of the pulpit to the ground, shattering the glass to pieces, Had it happened a little sooner, there is no doubt that our worthy townsman, Dr. De Witt, who had dismissed the congregation not above ten minutes previous, would, among others, have fallen a victim, as the lamps on either side of the desk were knocked down by the fluid, and the plaster from the ceiling was driven right into the pulpit.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Lands of the United States will be publicly sold at the Land Office, at Genesee, in the State of Michigan, on the 9th of November next.

A public sale of United States lands will commence at the Land Office, at Chicago, in the State of Illinois, on the 9th day of November next. Another will commence at Palestine, in the same State, on the 16th of November next.

A public sale of lands belonging to the United States, will be held at the Land Office, in Ionia, in the State of Michigan, on the 23d of November next—and another at Genesee, in the same State, on the same day.
Evening Post.

Reported for the Journal of Commerce.

NEW-YORK CATTLE MARKET—August 24.

At market 1000 head of Beef cattle, including 150 left over last week—55 milch cows, and 3500 sheep and lambs.

The Beef Market was dull at last week's prices. Sales of 800 head at $5 to $8, averaging $6 75 the 100 lbs.

Milch Cows—All sold at 25, 35 and $46 each.

Sheep and Lambs were in less demand. Sales of 3200; Sheep at $1 50, $3 and $4; Lambs at 1, 2 and 3 each.

Hay—Sales by the load at 56 to 75c the 100 lbs.

The abolition convention for Montgomery county met at Johnstown on the 20th inst. Between 30 and 40 attended, and nominated G. R. Parburt, of Hamilon county, for Congress, Elli Clisbe, of Amsterdam, for Senator, and E. M. K. Glenn, of Glenn, for the Assembly.—*Albany Argus.*

Key West, Aug. 4.—The case of the brig Glide, of Mount Desert, has been settled by allowing the wreckers one-third of the appraised value of $5000, less their proportion of expenses, which will leave them about $1200, to be paid in kind. The brig Emery's case has not yet been decided, but it is likely it will be closed to-day.

Bank of Kentucky.—The city of Louisville has been greatly excited, for two or three days, in reference to the condition of the Bank of Kentucky, and unfavorable rumors as to defalcations of some of the officers of the Bank. The Journal of Saturday assures the public, that errors committed last fall and winter have been detected in the teller's blotter, amounting to about 2,500 dollars, and that the general ledger clerk is involved in the suspicion. No other foundation exists for the unfounded rumors against the bank, as we believe.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The Louisville City Gazette of the 17th, gives as the result of the investigation into the affairs of the Bank of Kentucky, as exculpating the ledger clerk, the holding the teller to bail in $5,000.

"It is thought by many that his offence will be found to be inaccuracy in his account, and forced balances, not the appropriation of any money."

The Crops.—We are glad to see so good an account of the crops throughout the country generally, and sorry we cannot say as much for the prospect in this region. We regret to learn that although the wheat crop early in the season promised remarkably well, it has very generally, in this section, been blighted by that old enemy of the farmer, the *rust*. Other crops, we learn, are fair.—*Chicago Tribune.*

We are informed that the Hon. S. H. Anderson (Representative in Congress) is lying at the point of death. At the date of the letter communicating this melancholy intelligence, he was expected to survive but a few hours.—*Richmond (Ky) Chronicle.*

Accidents by Threshing Machines.—Mr. Charles Wilson, of Riga, whom we mentioned a few days since as having been drawn into and terribly mangled by a threshing machine, died of the wounds thus received on the 5th inst.

Mr. Nelson Woodard, formerly of Riga, was very seriously injured, precisely in the same way, and in using the same kind of machine, (the English) in Ontario County, about the 12th inst. Doubts are entertained of his recovery.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Rochester, Aug. 20.—*Hot.*—The mercury stood at 96 in the shade yesterday.

Madawaska.—The Bangor Whig states that Col. Parks, the Marshal, has returned from the Madawaska territory, and that the population of the settlement, according to the census which has been taken, is 3,500.

The population of Buffalo, according to the census just completed, is 18,356.

Death by Lightning.—Mr. John Harley and David Everhart, both farmers at Salem, Tuscarawas County, Ohio, were killed by lightning at the house of the latter on the 1st instant.

"*Another Revolutionary Hero Gone!*"—Married, at Mahon, Nova Scotia, on the 15th ult., Mr Reuben Young, a Lifeguard of General Washington, in the Revolutionary War, aged 82, to Miss Sarah Reineff, aged 25.

Williams College.—The annual commencement of this institution took place on Wednesday last. Graduates 26. Forty young men have entered the new Freshman Class. An oration was delivered before the Alumni by Erastus C. Benedict, Esq. of this city.—*Jour. Commerce.*

Accident to a South Boston Omnibus.—We regret to learn that a sad accident occurred to one of the South Boston Hourlies this evening. It appears that the 7 o'clock coach, driven by a lad, started for the purpose of picking up passengers, and while passing down one of the streets below the Mount Washington House, was overturned. Several persons were more or less injured, and we are pained to learn that the lady of Mr. James Oakes of this city, and two gentlemen, names unknown, received severe bruises; one of the gentlemen had his arm broken. Thus we have another distressing accident, resulting from the careless management of the driver.—*Boston Eve. Gaz.*

The Falls.—On Sunday last, between seven and eight in the evening, our citizens in that vicinity were alarmed by the tremendous crash occasioned by the fall of a huge mass of rocks on the eastern side of the falls in this city.—*Rochester Dem.*

We learn that Commodore C. K. Stribbling has been appointed to the Naval rendezvous at this port in place of Com. T. T. Webb, relieved.—*Norfolk Herald.*

Naval Rumors.—It was rumored yesterday that Commodore Warrington, at present in command of this Naval station, has been ordered to the Board of Navy Commissioners in place of Commodore Wadsworth, appointed to the Ordnance Department. It was also rumored that Commodore Morris was to go to Boston and take the command of the Mediterranean squadron in the spring. There were several rumors about the Navy Yard here, and the command of the squadron destined for the Chinese seas, but they were so conflicting as to leave no ground for supposing them to be true. It is now stated that Captain Jesse Wilkinson will take the command of the East India squadron, and Captain Morgan the command of the yard here.—*Norfolk Herald.*

The Squadron on our Coast.—A letter from one of the officers of the U. S. Ship Levant, states that the Macedonian, Levant, and Erie arrived at Eastport on the 16th instant. The squadron will sail from Eastport to Castine, and from thence to Portland. From Portland it is intended to proceed to Townsend, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Provincetown, Newport, and New York. The squadron were saluted at Eastport on the 17th, and the flag ship returned the salute.

Father Matthew, the great Temperance Reformer in Ireland, is gaining thousands of new converts every day. The fees paid by those who subscribe to the pledge are one shilling sterling for a medal, sixpence to a clerk, sixpence for a flag, and one penny per week to a parish priest for the masses that are said over.

Courvoisier, the valet and murderer of Lord Wm. Russell, was executed on the 6th of July.

Edward Oxford, charged with high treason, in attempting to shoot the Queen, was acquitted on the ground of insanity. He will be confined in a Lunatic Asylum.

Fulton Ferry.—It is stated in the Brooklyn News that the Union Ferry, rather than abide the event of a litigation as to their right to maintain a ferry-house in its present location, with which they have been threatened by the owners of property in the neighborhood of Water street, have it in contemplation to erect a pier to the west of the present one, and to remove their ferry-house, bridge, &c., to the west side of Fulton street.—*Sun.*

Lost—Found.—The Hon. S. S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, was at Niagara Falls two or three weeks since, accompanied by a favorite body-servant, whom he claimed as his property. The "chattel-personal," finding himself so near to good Queen Victoria's dominions had the curiosity to cross the river, and once on the Canada shore, was so well satisfied with the appearance of things that he concluded to remain. The "distinguished Mississippian" lost his slave—but the poor fellow who had been robbed of himself all his life long, had found his freedom.—*Christian Witness.*

Providential Escape.—During the thunder storm yesterday forenoon, the weather-

POETRY.

A valued friend of ours has sent us a long poetical communication upon the World's Convention. Its great length forbids its insertion. We give the following extract which we caption

England's Usages!

But Usage bade its servants, they,
Slaves unto Usage! must obey,
To spurn their woman—slaves away!
O, deep servility! they say
"As England does, so too must we
As here in England's realm we be."
As England does! why, she doth own
A woman on her very throne!
Yields her wide realm of sea and land
To sceptre borne in woman's hand!
A *woman* rules Britania—yet
Freedom's champions in her council met,
The chains of slavery to unbind
From limb and soul of all mankind,
Spurn woman's faithful heart away,
Because, forsooth! they must obey
Britania's usages! O yes
These Christian patriots can kiss
The sceptre which *a woman* wields
O'er Senate-halls, and battlefields,
In stern *political* control;—
But sudden horrors seize their soul
If woman but presume to join
Her counsel in a cause divine:
A cause that is to live and move
But by the force of Truth and Love,
And asks the heart, and asks the hand
Of every *friend* in every land.
Unitedly, as one, combined
To disenthral oppressed mankind.
O! this were sure a monstrous thing
In England—with her *woman-king!*
These patriots' lips are yet all warm
With recent oath, allegiance sworn
Unto a woman—monarch! Sure,
They cannot possibly endure
A woman's speech, in counsel given,
Breathing forth the love of heaven!
England's usage! where they deem
It well befitting that a *queen*
Should *speak in Parliaments*, and lead
In Councils* by which men must bleed;
That bid their ships and armies go,
Freighted with death, and charged with wo,
To butcher and to desolate,
A people who deserve such fate
Because, at Christian England's hand,
That stubborn, thankless, heathen land,
Will not, *in poison*, death receive,
And in exchange its treasures give.
O, England's usage! woman reigns
For shedding blood and forging chains;
But, in that cause which seeks to bless
Mankind with peace and righteousness,
And disenthral both limb and soul
From Northern to the Southern pole—
She may not speak? no; woman's heart,
Its light and warmth may not impart
In Freedom's Council—tho' the call
Was rung throughout the world, for all
The friends of those in thrall!
It bade not *slaves themselves* to come!
Is she not such? Let slaves be dumb,
Whatever in her bosom glows,
Whate'er she feels, whate'er she knows,
Her "woman-lips" may not reveal
Before her *lords!* Bring forth the seal
Of England's usage—stamp it deep!
In England she shall silence keep:
Enough, that in our clemency
We leave her with an unbound eye,
Which Turk and Hindoo lords deny;
And even further still, we deign
In our more liberal, Christian reign,
To suffer her an unsealed ear,
The speech of her liege lords to hear!

E. M.

* "The Queen's most excellent Majesty, in Council, having taken into consideration the late injurious proceedings of certain officers of the Emperor of China, towards officers and subjects of her Majesty," has seen fit to order the commanders of her ships of war to take all Chinese vessels and goods that they may find, which are to be sold, to pay for the opium taken from the British smugglers by the Chinese authorities.—[News by the Britania and British Queen.

Stanzas.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought:
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils:
Man by man was never seen:
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known:
Mind with mind did never meet:
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a bubbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the Sun of Love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one. [*The Dial.*

Boyhood.

BY MORRIS MATTSON.

Oh, where is the bliss of youth's sunny hour,
When the heart was gay as the summer flow'r
And visions of joy went fleeting by,
As the clouds that career o'er the evening sky—
When the cheek was flushed with a rosy hue,
And the springs of life were gushing and new—
When the brow was unmarked by a single care,
And innocence sat triumphant there!
And where are the hills we loved to climb,
To twine the wild rose and sweet mountain thyme?
And where are the rocks that echoed with song?
And the silvery stream that murmured along?

The hills are still crowned
With the flowers of the spring,
And the rocks still resound,
With the harp's thrilling string.

And the stream murmurs on in its winding maze,
As it did in our bright and youthful days;

But time—like a blight—
Has shrivelled the brow,
And the eye beaming bright,
Is lustreless now;

Yet a spot there is in the realms on high
Where nothing will fade, and joys never die.

From the London Metropolitan Magazine for Dec.

A day at a Convent.

More years since than it is desirable to remember or pleasant to recall—for time, alas! has crushed some fair and cherished blossoms in his rushing flight—I was visiting a Catholic family in Essex, in which family was domesticated a priest whose kind heart and courteous benignity of manners won the affections of all the younger members of the happy party assembled in that dear old house. O, the early morning walks—the noonday idleness—the gay gossipping, evening ramble amid the pastoral scenery that surrounded us in all the luxuriant leafiness of summer—the *mizzy* maze of our entangled arguments argued with all the wisdom and experience of eighteen or twenty years passed in calm and peaceful retirement, undisturbed by care, unexposed to anxiety. How widely is that happy group scattered? One a blithe and bonnie wee thing all smiling, mirth and innocent vivacity,—the very personification of Thalis, married to the most sedate, dispassionate, calm, cold calculating, of human beings. Another helpless victim of super-fastidiousness, that would shriek if a spider but fell on her fair neck, and horrify our good priest by throwing herself into his arms for protection against the tiniest frog that crossed her path, is now a wife with a large little family in the far off back woods of America—"Another, and another, and yet another," sleep beneath the green turf, or the cold stone;—one—only *one*—with our early friendship uneffaced by time, unchanged by sorrow—another—but enough of the unquiet retrospect.

Our good priest, who had nothing of a proselyting spirit about him, would occasionally talk to us heretics of the imposing ceremonies of his own church—its dignified ritual—its touching music—its splendid and sublime paintings—its fragrant incense—and all the et ceteras that characterized it; but it was of convents and their inmates that we loved to hear, "and with a greedy ear devoured up his discourse." One day, after I had in a tete-a-tete wearied him, 'exceedingly' with my numberless questions, he promised that on some bright day, that should unite all that was agreeable, he would take me and my chosen friend and companion to see a convent that was not more than twenty miles off—a promise with such a contingency, made at this *very now*, I should never expect to be fulfilled, but then I looked forward with the romantic confidence of youth to many such: indeed, life was all *couleur de rose*, and blue skies, and bowers of roses,—where every gale was perfume and where "the trail of the serpent" was never to come, were alone put down on my chart of the future.

At length a day that came up to the good priest's idea *did* arrive: it was a bright sunny morning in September, when not a leaf had lost its freshness, and no tint foretold that autumn was nigh, that he handed us, with all the politeness of the nation in which so many of his years had been passed, into the carriage that was to convey us to New Hall, the residence of a sisterhood of nuns who had been driven from Liege by the republican army. Apart from the peculiar interest we attached to it, New Hall is most worthy of note; it was originally called Beaulieu, and in 1524, Henry VIII. kept the feast of St. George there: his arms, finely wrought adorn the hall, and we were told the Duke of N—, had offered a most magnificent sum for them, which however, was refused; there were also the arms of Queen Elizabeth, with an inscription in the Italian language. The door was opened by the porteress, a comely dame, whose round and pleasant face displayed no symptoms of fasting. We were shown by a lay sister into the parlor of the Lady Abbess, who advanced to meet our kind introducer, and, knelt to receive his benediction with the sweetest grace imaginable; she had only been a few months in her office, and was the sister of Sir William J——. I shall never forget my surprise at the sight of this lady,—wrinkled, austere, meagre, on the shady side of sixty, with thin cheeks, hollow eyes, pale and trembling lips, had been the picture that my imagination had drawn of a Lady Abbess.—O, how different was the beautiful woman before me!—she could have been scarcely thirty, with the most dazzling complexion, the softest eyes, the sunniest smile, displaying the whitest and most even row of teeth I ever beheld; you could not look at her without feeling sure that she was as gentle and good as she was graceful and lovely—and to think of her looking so captivating in her nun's dress of black serge; with a bodice pure and white indeed as the snow—no glossy tresses escaping from the firmly bound fillet of lawn that crossed and concealed her forehead, passing under her chin, covering her ears, and leaving no part visible but her face; over her head was a black veil that, when down, must have reached to her feet; she had a rosary at her waist, and a small red cross on her bosom, which I presume was a distinctive mark of her office, for, as far as I recollect other nuns had no such ornament.—She desired a sister to bring some refreshments, which consisted of various wines, fruits, and cakes, most delicious to the sight as well as to the taste; and conversed with us on various subjects with the most winning cheerfulness, and to our reverend companion of the dear and distant, with deep and tearful emotion. She requested one of the nuns, Lady Elizabeth ——, to show us the chapel and other parts of the convent; a request that was complied with with the kindest alacrity and cheerful good will. In the establishment, beside near a hundred nuns, there were, at the time I am writing, sixty young ladies of the Catholic nobility, that were educated under the auspices of the sisterhood, and amid all this large number the most quiet happiness seemed to reign; but a day is but a short space to judge of these. One of the nuns interested us greatly;—she was indeed beautiful enough for a heroine of romance, and withal possessed the indispensable look of tender melancholy with which they are generally invested; her beautiful eyes, with their long dark lashes resting on her marble like cheek, with the look of a lovely downcast penitent, seemed as if there was a silent sorrow and unimparted grief brooding at her heart. We were conducted by our fair guide to the entrance of a long and spacious corridor, at which she paused, and said it was called the Gallery of Silence, and the laws of the convent enjoined the observance; a wise regulation, I suspect, for fifty or sixty of the gentle sex, even if they happened to be nuns, would produce a considerable clamor in a quiet establishment. On each side of this Gallery of Muta were the cells of the nuns; the bedsteads were of iron, with curtains of a coarse material, and of a dark blue color; a chair, table, a confessional, a crucifix, and an hour glass, with one or two pictures of saints, completed the furniture. All was scrupulously clean, and possessed, in spite of homeliness, an air of comfort, though of a solitary kind. Each room had a large window, looking out on scenery that would make almost any solitude delightful. At the end of this gallery was the representation of the sepulchre of our Saviour, with his figure resting in it; the effect of which was most striking, though somewhat startling, coming on us as we emerged from the dimly lighted corridor. The nuns are of the Sepulchra order. From thence we proceeded to the chapel, which is effective and impressive, and most judiciously arranged; it is about a hundred feet long fifty wide, and from thirty to forty in height. But when did a woman calculate numbers or measure feet? The altar was adorned with the freshest and rarest flowers, and otherwise splendidly ornamented. A nun was kneeling at it as we entered, but she appeared so absorbed in devotion, that she remained undisturbed by our approach. Some most rare and exquisite paintings hung from the walls.

After attending us thus far, Elizabeth—— resigned us to an older nun, with whose family my companion was on terms of intimacy. She conducted us through the beautiful grounds surrounding the convent, and seated on one of the many temples with which it was studded, asked us a thousand questions of the world she has for so many years resigned. She was an exceedingly lively, intelligent woman, and related to us the difficulties and perils the sisterhood encountered in their escape from Liege; their chief anxiety was manifested for the security of the relics, the ornaments of the altar, plate, pictures, &c. which were let down in the darkest of all dark nights, from a window, into a boat where one of the holy fathers was stationed to receive it. On the walls of the temple numberless quotations in pencil, in a variety of hand writings, all in praise of a life of retirement. The only two I recollect I transcribe as they were written.

"In these deep solitudes and lonely cells
Where heavenly pensive Contemplation dwells
And gentle charity forever reigns.
No tumult can disturb the vestal's vein!
BEATRICE."

"How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
To her unknown the anguish of a tear,
Save that she sheds upon a sister's bier!
MONICA."

At the very primitive hour of two we dined with the priest belonging to the establishment, besides these there was a lady in the gay garb of the world who presided, and two lovely girls who had abjured the Protestant faith, and taken refuge with the kind nuns; one was a Miss S——, niece of the Duke of M——. All the dishes were French, and the dinner throughout served in the true Parisian style, and never, in that proverbially gay country, was there gayer party, or a greater display of that peculiar kind of wit that makes a social dinner so pleasant. After coffee, which it were worth going a pilgrimage to sip, we attended vespers, at which all the pupils were present, as well as the nuns, though the latter were not visible, except as their dark forms were faintly discerned through the high screen behind which they sat. O! the melody of that sweet voice that sang the evening hymn to the Virgin! the silvery sounds seem now to float upon my ear. We felt it could only proceed from the lovely mouth that had given us so kind a welcome in the morning; it was the Lady Abbess, who thus finished the enchantment she began. After the service we went with our good priest to make our adieus to this beautiful woman. With her blessing she gave us a small ivory cross as a token of her good wishes, and as a memorial, as she said, of the day we had passed at a convent, a privilege that few have to record.

How often has all that passed on that day risen unbidden to my waking thoughts, and haunted my night visions! The noble hall—the tapestried parlor—the quiet cells—the magnificent chapel, with all its rich and beautiful tracery—the mellow light streaming from its painted windows—the incense—the altar—the pealing organ—the hymn to the Virgin—the stately trees—the classic temple—all throng on my memory with resistless force and undecaying interest.

"Well, my dear sir," said my companion, as we travelled homeward in the soft twilight, too much pleased and enchanted to be talkative,—"would you recommend me to become a nun?" "No my child," replied the good padre, "I would not condemn you to a seclusion from the world, but would assign you the more difficult, though more honorable task, of walking uncorrupted and unsullied through it."

From the Montreal Herald.

We had in our possession on Saturday the identical pair of bibles presented by the immortal Burns to the dearest object of his affections, Highland Mary, on the banks of the winding Ayr, when he spent with her "one day of parting love." They are in remarkable good preservation, and belong to a descendant of the family of Mary's mother, Mrs. Campbell, whose property they became on the death of her daughter, and subsequently Mrs. Anderson, Mary's only surviving sister, acquired them. The circumstance of the bible being in two volumes, seemed at one time to threaten its dismemberment, Mrs. Anderson having presented a volume to each of her two daughters; but on their approaching marriage, their brother William prevailed on them to dispose of the sacred volumes to him. On the first blank leaf of the first volume is written, in the handwriting of the immortal bard, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord. Levit. 19th chap. 12th verse;" and on the corresponding leaf of the second volume, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths. Math. 5th ch., 33d verse.". On the second blank leaf of each volume, there are the remains of "Robert Burns, Mossgiel," in his handwriting, beneath which is drawn a masonic emblem. At the end of the first volume there is a lock of Highland Mary's hair.

There is a mournful interest attached to these sacred volumes—sacred from their contents, and sacred from having been a pledge of love from the most gifted of Scotland's bards to the artless object of his affections, from whom he was separating, no more to meet on this side the grave.—The life of Burns was full of romance, but there is not one circumstance in it all so romantic and full of interest as those which attended and followed the gift of these volumes. He was young when he wooed and won the affections of Mary, whom he describes as "a warm-hearted charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love." The attachment was mutual, and forms the subject of many of his earlier lyrics, as well as of the productions of his later years, which shows that it was very deep rooted. Before he was known to fame, steeped in poverty to the very dregs, and meditating an escape to the West Indies from the remorseless fangs of a hard-hearted creditor, he addressed to his "dear girl" the song which begins:

"Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore,
Will you go to the Indies, my Mary,
And cross the Atlantic's roar?"

But neither Burns nor his Mary were doomed to "cross the Atlantic's roar," nor to realize those dreams of mutual bliss which passion or enthusiasm had engendered in their youthful imaginations. Burns was called to Edinburgh, there to commence his career of fame, which was to terminate in chill poverty, dreary disappointment and dark despair—while Mary's happier lot, after a transient gleam of the sunshine of life, was to be removed to a better and a happier world. Her death shed a sadness over his whole future life, and a spirit of subdued grief and tenderness was displayed whenever she was the subject of his conversation or writing. Witness as follows:

"Ye banks an braes an' streams around
The castle o' Montgomerie,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
An' there they langest tarry,
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary!"

In a note appended to this song, Burns says,—"This was a composition of mine in my earlier life, before I was known at all to the world. My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature, as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she would embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

It was at this romantic and interesting meeting on the banks of the Ayr that the bibles before us were presented to Mary; and he must have a heart of stone indeed who can gaze on them without his imagination calling up feelings in his bosom too big for utterance. On that spot they exchanged bibles, and plighted their faith to each other, the stream dividing them, and the sacred book grasped by both over its purling waters. This was the only token of affection each had to give the other, and the wealth of the Indies could not have procured a better or more appropriate one.

In Lockhart's Life of Burns, we are informed that several years after the death of Mary, on the anniversary of the day which brought him the melancholy intelligence, he appeared, as the twilight advanced, (in the language of his widow) "very sad about something;" and though the evening was a cold and keen one, in September, he wandered into his barn yard, from which the entreaties of his wife could not, for some time, recall him. To these entreaties he always promised obedience, but these promises were but the lip-kindnesses of affection, no sooner made than forgotten, for his eye was fixed on heaven, and his unceasing stride indicated that his heart was also there. Mrs. Burns' last approach to the barn yard found him stretched on a mass of straw looking abstractedly on a planet which, in a clear starry sky, "shone like another moon," and having prevailed on him to return into the house, instantly wrote, as they still stand, the following sublime verses, "To Mary in Heaven," which have thrilled through many breasts, and drawn tears from many eyes, and which will live the noblest of the lyrics of Burns, while sublimity and pathos have a responding charm in the hearts of Scotsmen.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

The Presentation of an European.

The guest being seated, it is now the turn of the master of the house, and of the other guests, if any, to salute the new comer; if a stranger from a distance, by the words "Hosk geldin, sefa geldin:" and, if a neighbour, by the words "Sabahitiniz heirola, aksham shifler heiorla," &c., according to the time of the day, repeating the same actions already described. The guests return each salute separately. There is no question of introduction or presentation. It would be an insult to the master of the house not to salute his guest. The master then orders the pipes, by a sign, indicating their quality; and coffee by the words "Cave smarla;" or, if for people of low degree, "Cave getur;" or, if the guest, is considered the host—that is, if he is of superior rank to the host, he orders, or the master asks from him permission to do so. The pipes have been cleared away on the entrance of the guest of distinction. The attendants now re-appear with pipes, as many servants as guests; and after collecting in the lower part of the room, they step up together, or nearly so, on the floor, in the centre of the triclinium, and then radiate off to the different guests, measuring their steps, so as to arrive at once, or with a graduated interval.—The pipe, which is from five to seven feet in length, is carried in the right hand, poised upon the middle finger, with the bowl forward, and the mouthpiece towards the servant's breast, or over his shoulder. He measures with his eye a distance from the mouth of the guest to a spot on the floor, corresponding with the length of the pipe he carries. As he approaches he halts, places the bowl of the pipe upon this spot, then, whirling the stick gracefully round, while he makes a stride forward with one foot, presents the amber and jewelled mouth-piece within an inch or two of the guest's mouth. He then drops on his knee, and raising the bowl of the pipe from the ground, places under it shining brass platter (tepsi), which he has drawn from his breast.

Next comes coffee. If the word has been "Cave smarla," the Caijit presents himself at the bottom of the room, on the edge of the raised floor, supporting on the palms of both hands, at the height of his breast, a small tray, containing the little coffee-pots and cups, entirely concealed with rich brocade. The attendants immediately cluster round him; the brocade covering is raised from the tray, and thrown over the Cafijir's head and shoulders. When each attendant has got his cup ready, they turn round at once, and proceed in the direction of the different guests, measuring their steps as before. The small cups (finjan) are placed in silver holders (zarf) of the same form as the cup, but spreading a little at the bottom; these are of open silver work and of filligree; they are sometimes gold and jewelled, and sometimes of fine china. This the attendant holds between the point of the finger and thumb, carrying it before him, with the arm slightly bent. When he has approached close to the guest he halts for a second, and, stretching downwards his arm, brings the cup with a sort of easy swing to the vicinity of the receiver's mouth, who, from the way in which the attendant holds it, can take the tiny offering without risk of spilling the contents, or of touching the attendant's hand. Crank and rickety as their coffe-cups seem to be, I have never, during nine years, seen a cup of coffee spilt in a Turkish house; and with such soft and eel-like movements do the attendants glide about, that, though long pipes, and the winding snakes of narquilles cover the floor when coffee is presented by the numerous attendants, you never see an accident of any kind, a pipe stepped on, or a narquille swept over by their flowing robes, though the difficulty of picking their steps is still further increased by the habit of retiring backwards, and of presenting, in as far as it is possible, whether in servants or in guests, the face to the person served or addressed.

When coffee has been presented, the servants retire to the bottom of the room, where they stand with their hands crossed, each watching the cup he has presented, and has to carry away. But not to interfere with the guest's fingers, he has now to make use of another manœuvre to get possession of it. The guest holds out the cup by the silver zarf, the attendant opening one hand places it under, then brings the palm of the other upon the top of the cup; the guest relinquishes his hold, and the attendant retires backward with the cup thus secured.

Jewish Marriage at Whitchurch.

On Sunday last, a circumstance, as novel as pleasing, took place at Whitchurch. For the second time, the interesting ceremony of an Israelitish wedding was there performed. The marriage of the Jews in itself has so much scriptural interest, from the circumstance of its being performed precisely as it was some 3000 or more years since, that a correspondent who was an eye witness on Sunday, has favored us with this account of it.

On entering the room was seen Rabbi L. Chapman, priest of the Jews, from Birmingham, occupied in writing the marriage contract upon a parchment. The rabbi having concluded the contract, handed it to others present to read, and then to the bridegroom, who, after apparently well considering the contents, which was written in the Hebrew language, signed the same, as also did two witnesses. This being duly executed, the bridegroom was conducted from the room again, the bride being all this time invisible. A canopy was then erected, being supported by four persons of the Jewish faith, and solemn strains of music announced the approach of the bridegroom The reverend officiate having placed himself beneath the canopy, the bridegroom was introduced, supported on both sides by two male friends.

Again the sound of music proclaimed the approach of the bride, who was similarly supported, but by two ladies. The bridal dress was strictly scriptural; the maiden was attired in pure white, covered with a veil, as in Genesis 24, 65. The music having ceased, the bride, still supported as before, was thrice led round her future husband. We believe that this emanates from the marriage of Jacob and Leah—Jacob having his bride veiled, married Leah instead of Rachel, Genesis 29, 26. For this reason the bridegroom has an opportunity of ascertaining from the gait or figure of his intended wife, as he has no opportunity of reading her countenance through the folds of her veil. Having thus circled round him, she was placed on the right side of her future lord.

The priest proceeded then to pronounce a blessing upon all present, holding at the time a glass of wine in his hand, which, after the conclusion of a prayer, was handed by a friend to the happy couple, in token of peace with all the world;—they having sipped the same, modestly returned it. The reverend and venerable rabbi then proceeded to read aloud the document before described, and then a second glass was filled, and a prayer offered up for the future grace of the new couple, and the second glass was tasted by both the young people in token of consent to each other. Then followed a solemn silence—a moment of suspense—the ring was to be placed on the bride's finger. The fair hand was extended (as we thought) rather willingly, and the ring being handed to the rabbi, he first exhibited it to others, and then examined it himself. He then gave it to the bridegroom, who placed it upon the fore finger of the right hand of his bride, pronouncing the talismanic words, "Hahad Makadasith Leh, Bethubath Zu badth Mosha Veh, Yesrael"—(Anglice—'Thus I wed thee according to the laws of Israel as by Moses commanded,') left the ring on the hand of the bride. A glass was placed upon the ground, and in a moment—crash—the brittle vessel was shattered in a thousand pieces by the right foot of the bridegroom, as a token of the uncertainty of life, and that all our joys may be shattered in a moment.

The sudden change of this solemnity to joy was electric; no sooner was the glass in the dust than the music struck up in lively note, the place sounded with the word, "Mezel Tour"—(joy, joy!) echo upon echo seemed to sound in our ears, congratulations were heartfelt; truly exhilarating was the scene. The veil of the bride was in a moment respectfully removed,—and she stood before us with eyes streaming, thankful and happy, yet fearful, and smiling on the happy husband. A look—a prayer—they were married—all the ceremony was over.

The lady is Miss Priscilla Lazarus, of Whitchurch, the gentleman, Mr. Adolph Cohen, of Birmingham. The reverend rabbi was express from Birmingham for the occasion.

Salopian Journal.

A Turkish Preacher.—One day Nasir-ed-din ascended the pulpit of the mosque, and thus addressed the congregation. "O, true believers! do you know what I am going to say to you;"—"No," responded the congregation. "Well then," replied he, "there is no use in wasting my time on such an ignorant set;' and, so saying, he came down from the pulpit. He went to preach a second time, and asked the congregation, "O, true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?" "We know," replied the audience. "Then there is no use in my telling you," said Nasir-ed-din, and again he descended from the pulpit. When next he came to preach, and asked his usual question, the congregation, resolved to have a trial of his powers, answered, "Some of us know, and some of us do not know." "O!" said Nasir-ed-din, "let those who know tell those who do not know, and I shall be spared the trouble of preaching." So saying, he came down from the pulpit.—*Turkish Jest Book.*

The editor of the Boston Journal, in a very interesting account of the State Prison near that place, after numbering the convicts,—pointing out their employment and remarking upon their characters and deportment, thus sagaciously speaks:

"It might be too curious to enquire how many of these convicts ever took a newspaper, of those who did, how many regularly paid for it. Probably very few—for a man who subscribes for a good newspaper, and pays for it regularly, will seldom be a votary of crime."

The observation of our contemporary is not entirely correct. A genteel vagabond, who deceived many of our citizens most egregiously, took the United States Gazette and paid for it. Holding the same doctrine with our Boston friend with reference to the influence of a good paper, we were much astonished at the exposure of the man's bad conduct; but on enquiry we learned that though he subscribed and paid for our paper, yet he did not read it, taking it only to save appearances, but reading other papers. Will our Boston brother correct this apothegm?

U. S. Gazette.

A Bear Hunt in Lapland.—While at Hernosand I saw a representation of an event that took place in the neighborhood in 1831, and which shows that bear hunting must be quite equal to tiger hunting in excitement and peril. The bear on this occasion was very large; nothing like an American bear, with which an Indian can grapple, but an enormous beast able to carry off a pony under his arm. His temper, probably never very good, had been ruffled by ten shots lodged in different parts of his body; all present entrenched themselves, and awaited some desperate effort on his part, should not a lucky shot through the head speedily give him his quietus. At this moment a man, bolder than his companions advancing before them, the bear rushed upon him, tore his gun from his hands, and began to wound him with his tremendous claws. The wretched man was unable to contend with his muscular antagonist; already his wounds were letting out his life, when a young Norlander, unable to look quietly on, rushed to his assistance. Besides the danger which he himself incurred, and which, of course he had no feeling of, there was some difficulty in shooting the bear without striking the man. As he advanced the bear rose on his hind legs to meet his new opponent; his victim dropped before him; the Norlander seized the favorable opportunity, raised his gun with both arms high above his head, to bring it in a horizontal position on a level with the bear's, and, trusting to feeling more than sight, discharged his piece. An immediate death wound could alone save either from their enemy. The success, which the brave man deserved, attended him, and the ball passed through the brain of the bear, which fell dead upon the rescued man.—*Dillon's winter in Lapland, &c.*

A Distinguished Cook.—The following anecdote of Prince Talleyrand is from the Quotidienne: In 1792, when the celebrated diplomatist, then a secret agent for some parties in France, was compelled to quit London within twenty-four hours, he embarked on board a Danish vessel, which was to convey him to the U. States. At sea the vessel met with an English frigate which made a signal to her to lie to, and sent an officer in a boat to inspect her, the principle of England in time of war being that a neutral flag protects neither persons nor goods of a hostile power. Talleyrand, who had an insuperable dislike to the idea of being taken back to England, implored the Danish captain not to declare him, and the officer could devise no other expedient than to pass him off as the ship's cook. After some wry faces, Talleyrand consented to the captain's proposal, and with a very ill-grace assumed the cotton cap, kitchen apron, carving knife, and other appendages, in keeping with his new office. When the English officer boarded the vessel, and demanded in the usual terms if there were any French passengers on board, the captain replied boldly that there was only one poor devil of a limping French cook, who being immediately called up for inspection, Talleyrand made his appearance, saucepan in hand, and with such a piteous countenance, that the English officer laughed heartily, and consented not to make a capture of him. M. Watersdorf, the Danish Ambassador under Bonaparte, is said to have been acquainted with this anecdote, and to have invariably brought it on the tapis whenever he felt a grudge against the ex-bishop of Autun.

Sea Changes.—But the production of beach and gravel and sand on the shore, and the drifting of sand inland, are effects far less important than those which are going on in the profound depths of the ocean. In the tranquil bed of the sea, the finer materials, held in mechanical or chemical suspension by the waters, are precipitated and deposited, enveloping and imbedding the inhabitants of its waters, together with the remains of such animals and vegetables of the land as may be floated down by the streams and rivers. * * * Yes, in these modern depositions the remains of man, and of his works, must of necessity be engulfed, together with those of the animals which are his contemporaries. Of the nature of the bed of the ocean, we can of course know but little from actual observation. Soundings, however, have thrown light upon the deposits now forming in those depths, which are accessible to this mode of investigation; and thus we learn, that in many parts immense accumulations of the wreck of testaceous animals, intermixed with sand, gravel, and mud, are going on. Donati ascertained the existence of a compact bed of shells, one hundred feet in thickness, at the bottom of the Adriatic, which in some parts was converted into marble. In the British Channel, extensive deposits of sand, imbedding the remains of shells, crustacea, &c. are in the progress of formation. This specimen, which was dredged up at a few miles from land, is an aggregation of sand with recent marine shells, oysters, muscles, limpets, cockles, &c. with minute corallines; and this example from off the Islè of Sheppey, consists entirely of cockles ("Cardium edule,") held together by conglomerated sand. In bays and creeks, bounded by granitic rocks, the bed is found to be composed of micaceous and quartose sand, consolidated into what may be termed regenerated granite. Off Cape Frio, solid masses of this kind were formed in a few months; and in them were imbedded dollars and other treasures from the wreck of a vessel, to recover which an exploration by the diving bell was undertaken.

Mantzel.

'No man can fulfil his duty, and enjoy all the happiness intended for him, without a family.—The pleasures and affections—even the responsibilities, restraints, and cares which they produce, all tend to develope and balance his character, to enlarge his mind, and to keep his heart in a medium point of enjoyment most favorable to health, content, and honor. An old bachelor is almost sure to have some inaccurate notion or loose principle, which the reflection consequent on a family protects a husband and father from.'

Bumpology Triumphant.—A short time ago a laboring man was brought into the South Dispensary, Liverpool, having received a severe blow on the forehead from the handle of a winch. The seat of the injury was the part where phrenology has located the organ of tune; and it is singular that after the accident, though perfectly sensible, he forgot his usual mode of utterance, and every thing he had to say he sung. He was removed to the infirmary, and since then we have not heard of him; but we may mention, for the satisfaction of the sceptical, that the statement we here give rests upon unimpeachable authority.

"I trust I would not exchange the persuasion I am favored with, that all our concerns are under the guidance, and management of infinite wisdom and goodness for all the wealth of the Indies,—and I am learning to extend this comfortable thought to the smallest and most common incident of human life, for indeed we are very incompetent which are the great and which the small, for often those which we deem the most trivial are the pivots upon which those turn, which we comparatively call the important."

J. Nowton.

Choice of Friends. As a great deal depends upon the choice of friends, I desire you to be very particular in this respect. Penetrate their characters; and never suffer yourself to be led away by the designing knave. Then your future course will be pleasant, your usefulness great, and your end peace.

A righteous man is one who rests satisfied only with the word of God for his rule, the grace of God for his strength, the Spirit of God for his guide, and the presence of God for his home.

Sincerity.—To practice sincerity, is to speak as we think; to do as we profess; to perform what we promise; and really to be what we appear to be.

Help others and you relieve yourself. Go out and drive away the cloud from that distressed friend's brow, and you will return with a lighter heart.

The heresies of the heart are worse than those of the head.